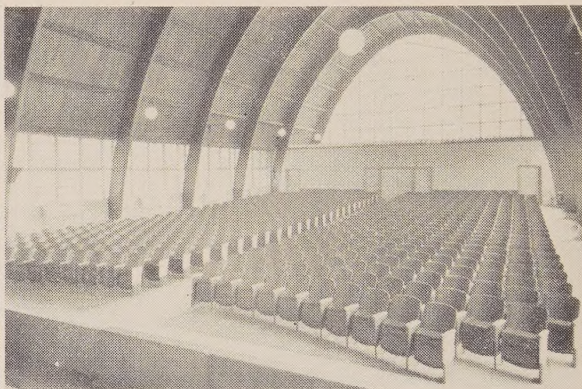
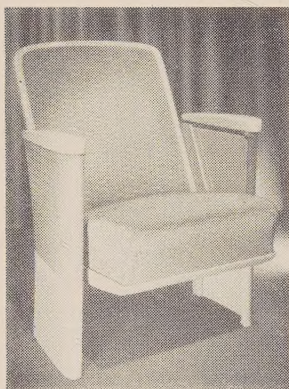


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ON THE COVER



John Patrick Turner, M.D., LL.D., has been a Trustee in Allen African M. E. Church, Philadelphia, forty-two years, and a prominent citizen of Philadelphia. From Shaw University he was awarded the M.D., degree in 1906. He is a graduate in Surgery from the University of Pennsylvania, and Jefferson Medical College. In 1930 Dr. Turner went abroad and studied surgery in the principal hospitals of Europe. He was Chief Surgeon in the Old Douglas Hospital, Philadelphia for twenty-five years. In 1954 he was elected a member of the New York Council of Surgeons. He was a member of The Board of Education twenty years, and Surgeon of the Police, and Fire Department, 1931-1951, and is now pensioned; a member of the Police Athletic League, the Kappa Alpha Psi, Sigma Pi Phi, and Beta Kappa Chi fraternities, also the Volunteer Medical Service Corps, U. S. A. Dr. Turner is past President of the N. M. A. In 1934 Shaw University conferred the degree, LL.D. upon him. His supreme joy is serving as an officer in his church.

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Editorial

I, RICHARD ALLEN

IV

January 1st, 1831. This day marks the beginning of a new year. For some reason which I cannot explain I feel that it may be my last upon the earth. The ball is about wound up, and soon my feet shall strike Zion. The Lord's will be done. He has been good to me, and I am resigned. My physical strength is failing. I am not so strong as I was when I used to walk twenty and thirty miles to Radnor, Attleborough, and Atglen. The years have taken their toll. All is well, and I have set my face toward the farther shore, that land from which no traveller has been known to return. I firmly and fully believe that there is rest for the people of God. In His presence there is fullness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Sometimes my dull ears can almost catch the sound of sweet music, and hear the rustle of angels' wings. In that land there will be no such relation as master and slave, rich and poor, or segregation because of color of one's skin. All will be children of light. Oh, my supreme desire is to be with my Lord. My soul rejoices. Praise His holy Name.



The things of this life I have given up. My little property accumulated through the years, and my holdings I have disposed of. My interest now is upon that which is eternal and heavenly. If men could see the worthlessness of earthly goods, and distinctions which they prize they would be happy. When one comes down to the verge of the Jordan where I am now, life appears in a different light altogether. Perhaps my greatest concern is for my little flock after I am gone. For twenty odd years we had to fight for our freedom, and we know that hungry wolves will slip amongst the people to scatter and to slay. There will be fightings without and fears within. Selfish, and ungodly men will be raised to places of power

and take advantage of the people. Some will even try to sow seeds of dissension, and divide where they cannot devour. I pray for the church. Yet I believe that He who is robed in majesty, with eyes like flaming balls of fire, and hair like lamb's wool still walks among the seven candle-sticks. He once told three of His disciples, that "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The men who stood with me in the hour of trial, and in 1816, when the organization was formed, will continue to stand. Father Peter Spencer from Wilmington, Delaware departed from us not to return. My heart rejoiced when three years ago the brethren elected Reverend Morris Brown, a man of solid piety, strong faith, and courage to be a Bishop. He is worthy. His work in Charleston, S. C. is commendable and outstanding. The church, named for him, has over three thousand members, and a burying-ground. He was forced to leave because of the uprising of the slaves to throw off the yoke of bondage. It was proven that Brown was not implicated. Yet his life was in danger, and he was befriended by a white minister by the name of Reverend Palmer. This brother will not lose his reward in the day when all shall stand before the bar of justice. Like Barnabas, Morris Brown is a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. He will carry on the work after my body shall lie in the dust of the grave to await the sounding of the first trumpet. And when he shall come to the place where I am now, God will raise up another, and others to follow along. The past is ours. The future is unknown and with God. We shall not have lived, and suffered in vain. The church is the blessed hope of our people.

As I have seen and talked with our people, slaves brought from the shores of Africa, I have often wondered why such was our lot, and portion. Two hundred twelve years ago a Dutch ship landed a cargo of twenty slaves at Jamestown in Virginia. This was one year before the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth from England, via Holland. The former operation represented greed for gold, and the latter a passion for God, and religious freedom. The Africans were forcibly captured and brought over as so many cattle, while the latter came of their own free will and desire. About eight years ago Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, and by its use a larger market for African flesh was created. My heart groans day and night for our enslaved brothers and sisters. But God rules from heaven and some day long after I am gone, and scarcely a memory, the destroying angel is going to pass through the land and claim the firstborn of the oppressors. Even now I can hear the cries of the hunted, the caught in Africa, their sighs and moans from the bottoms of the slave ships. I can see strong men leap

overboard to be eaten by sharks or to be drowned rather than be enslaved. I hear the swish of the slave-driver's lash and its dead thud as it falls upon the bare backs, and quivering flesh of hundreds in the slave territory. I have seen the whelps and marks upon many bodies, their faces, and their bare backs. Lord, have mercy upon us. O Lord, hear the prayers of my people. We are counted as sheep for the slaughter. Please hasten the day of deliverance.

After my passing I shall look down from the skies and see the church cross the mountains, valleys, rivers, and plains, houses of worship will be built, and the gospel bell will ring in the wilderness. The day will come when even in the land of slavery and oppression the Lord will make bare His mighty arm. Already the harvest fields are white and ready for the reapers. A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday, when it is past and as a watch in the night. The church will be still and know that He is God, and besides Him there is none other. In His own good time He will bring things to pass. To-morrow the people of the church will endure hardness as good soldiers. They will walk with unwearied feet. They will ride horses and mules, buggies, and road-carts. They will thread their way through dark swamps inhabited by wild animals. Many times the skies will be their only covering, and a log their pillow. They will take their lives into their own hands for Christ and the church. Many will occupy unmarked and unknown graves, but in the end they will win. Their blood, and sweat, and tears will make moist the soil of this land, but a mighty faith shall sustain them.

I am concerned about the need for education. Our people do not know. They need the letter. It has been truthfully said, that knowledge is power. Much good has been the result from our Sunday, Day, and Night Schools. Our people are anxious to learn, and have shown signs of improvement. One of the first things which was done after our organization was the publication of a Book of Discipline, and a Hymn Book in 1817. Young Joseph Corr, formerly of Charleston, S. C. was of great help. However our efforts at education are difficult because of our place in society. The day will surely come when our people will be free to attend schools all over this land. Four years ago the first newspaper was published by Reverend Samuel Cornish, and Samuel Russwurm. It has as its motto: "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The name is "FREEDOM'S JOURNAL." The first issue appeared March 30th, 1827. The church will need a paper, and in the meantime our people must learn to read. Eight years ago the Zion's Herald was established by the Methodists. I have seen several copies of it. In 1816, year of our connectional birth, the NEW YORK TRIBUNE was

founded. These are all aids to my faith, and strengthen me in my conclusion that we will some day have a paper of some sort. Smart men amongst us, inspired by Juan Latino, and Phyllis Wheatley will write books. We are a wonderful people. All we ask is a chance, and we will make good. How I learned to read and write seems like a miracle, but I thank God for the little learning that I have by hard work acquired. I also am thankful to my white friends who have helped me. It is a long distance from the slave plantations where I cut cord wood, and did field work to this place. From the time of my conversion to this year 1831 is fifty-four years. From that day until this very hour I have been an enlisted soldier in the army of the Lord.

Such persons as Prince Hall, that great Master Mason, Captain Paul Cuffee, Stephen Hill are shining examples of what our people may become. The whole world knows of Hannibal, the Carthaginian General, Saint Augustine, the Catholic theologian, and the Africans who accompanied Christopher Columbus when he sailed upon the voyage in 1492 and discovered America. Black Harry, my friend, who was present at the Christmas Conference 1784 in Baltimore often preached for us, and ate many a meal with us. This roof has sheltered his head more times than I can remember. Harry has been regarded as the foremost preacher in the Colonies. He is a powerful warrior for God, and a sweet singer. I have seen hundreds fall as dead men and women as he shot his gospel arrows. Hoosier is a man of might.

Absalom Jones, my good and dear friend in the bonds of the gospel, came out of St. George with me. He became the moving spirit of St. Thomas, the First Episcopal Church in America while I remained a Methodist. He has left a record and legacy which makes us proud. The full story of his bravery, courage, and labors during the raging yellow fever epidemic which ravaged our city in 1793 will never be told. When the white people were fleeing the city in droves, and the streets were deserted, with business at a standstill, we entered the homes of the sick, ministered unto them, put the dead into our carts and carried them out to Bush Hill Cemetery in the Northwestern part of our city outskirts and there buried them. In this work we were guided and aided by that good man, Dr. Benjamin Rush. God bless and keep green his precious memory. Jones died on February 13th, 1818, having lived to see the African Methodist Episcopal Connection two years old. When he died a Prince fell in Israel. What follows is a sketch of his life as prepared by himself:

"I, Absalom Jones, was born in Sussex, Delaware, on the sixth of November, 1746. I was small when my master took me from

the field to wait and attend on him in the house, and being very fond of learning, I was careful to save the pennies that were given me by the ladies and gentlemen from time to time. I soon bought myself a primer, and begged to be taught by anybody that I found able and willing to give me the least instruction. Soon after this I was able to purchase a spelling book, for as my money increased I applied myself with books, among others, a Testament. For fondness for books gave me little or no time for the amusements that took up the leisure hours of my companions. By this course I became singular, and escaped many evils, and also saved my money.

"In the year 1762, my mother, five brothers and a sister were sold, and I was brought to the city of Philadelphia with my master. My employment in this city was to wait in the store, pack up, and out goods. In this situation I had an opportunity with the clerk to get copies set for me, so I was able to write to my mother and brothers with my own hand. My spelling is bad for want of proper schooling. In the year 1766 I asked my master the liberty of going one quarter to night school, which he granted. I had a great desire to learn arithmetic. In that quarter I learned addition, Troy weight, subtraction, Apothecaries' weight, practical division and reduction.

"In the year 1770 I married a wife who was a slave. I soon after proposed to purchase her freedom. This her mistress agreed, for the sum of forty pounds. Not having the money in my hand, I got an appeal drawn, and John Thomas, my father-in-law, and I called upon some of the principal Friends of the city. From some we borrowed, and from others we received donations. In this way we soon raised thirty pounds of the money, her mistress, Sarah King, forgiving the balance, ten pounds. By this time my master's family was increased, and I was much hurried in my servitude. However, I took a house, and for seven years, made it my business to work until twelve or one o'clock at night, to assist my wife in obtaining a livelihood, and to pay the money that was borrowed to purchase her freedom. This being fully accomplished, and having a little money on hand, I made application to my master in the year 1778 to purchase my own freedom, but as this was not granted I fortunately met with a small house and lot of ground, to be sold for one hundred and fifty pounds, Continental money. Having laid by some hard money, I sold it for Continental, and purchased the lot. My desire for freedom increased, as I knew that while I was a slave my house and lot might be taken for the property of my master. This induced me to make many applications to him for liberty to purchase my freedom; and on the first day of October, 1784, he generously gave me a manumission. I

have ever since continued in his service at good wages, and I still find it my duty, both late and early, to be industrious to improve the little estate that a kind Providence has put in my hands. Since my freedom I have built a couple of small houses on the same lot, which now let for seventy-two pounds a year." Absalom Jones was a chosen vessel of the Lord.

Memories of other days come thick and fast. I guess this is true of most men as they near the ford of crossing. All of their past life unfolds before their minds. My earthly pilgrimage is about over. I begin to see the lights on the other side. All is peaceful, calm, and bright. Nearer and nearer I approach the four-squared city not made with hands. The Revelator says that its streets are of gold, its walls of jasper, and three gates on each side made of pearl. It has no need of light of the sun by day, or the moon by night, for there is no night there, and Jesus is the Light. Around and about His throne twenty and four Elders bow constantly praising Him, while countless multitudes of angels cast their crowns at His feet, and cry "Holy!" Soon I'll be with them and tell the story saved by grace, and

"When I've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun;
There'll be no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I've first begun."

Do not weep, Sarah, my darling wife, this is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in His eyes. He takes as well as gives. Thank Him for the years we have spent together and with each other. Just think of His goodness. We are no longer slaves, but free. Yes, free! And we have a church in which we can worship without being dragged from our knees, or told that our presence is not wanted because of our color. My children, it is alright; my grand-children, it is alright! Brethren, and members of the African Church, it is alright. Bishop Morris Brown, Reverend Eddy, the sky is clear. Just tell the boys to carry on! When father John Wesley came to the end of his glorious ministry he exclaimed: "The best of all is, God is with us." The words of Paul to Timothy are mine this day: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and I am ready." Ready for my crown which the Saviour waits to place upon my head. Come sweet chariot! Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

After the above story of Allen's life was related he closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep. All was holy quietness in the room,

save for the ticking of the clock, and the crackling of the fire upon the hearth. The family of adults sat around trying to force back unbidden tears. Bishop Morris Brown told them from time to time to have strong faith in God, and bring to mind the teaching of father Allen. A tear could be seen stealing down the copper-colored cheek of Sarah, the devout and devoted wife. Outside the sun long since had gone to rest. A blanket of driven snow had covered the houses, and trees with fleecy whiteness. Winter with its icy fingers held the city of 'Brotherly Love' within its cold grasp. Earlier in the evening a light rain fell, which froze and long taper-like icicles hung from the eaves of the houses. One by one the faithful and loving visitors departed after a word of prayer by Bishop Morris Brown, with all kneeling around the bedstead: "O God, our Heavenly Father, we creatures of a moment, come to Thee, for in such an hour as this we know of no other upon whom we might call. Hear our cry, and bless our needy souls. We come to Thee upon bended knees with our faces turned toward mother earth, in the humblest manner that we know. We come on behalf of this our stricken father in the gospel, and leader. We thank Thee for his great life, his leadership, and guidance in the dark hour of trial. We thank Thee for his family, and the church which he led in establishing. O God, keep it by Thy power, and preserve it by Thy grace.

"Now O Lord, as Father Allen nears the end of a useful life, and has turned his back upon things earthly, and has set his face toward the land of eternal day, comfort him, we pray Thee. Into Thy loving hands we commend his spirit, and do receive him into Thy tender care and keeping. Now dear Lord, cheer and comfort these friends. Bind up the broken-hearted, and wipe tears from weeping eyes. Help us all to remember that one sweet day we shall meet him, and all the beloved of God never more to part. No, never. And in the sweet forever, give us all a home where the wicked cease from trouble, and the weary are at rest, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, and Redeemer. Amen."

After spoken 'good-nights,' the visitors left. Upon the bed Father Allen slept sweetly, and easily, while angels watched over him. The lamp upon the mantel was turned lower, but Sarah, Joshua P. B. Eddy, and his wife, with the sons and daughters decided to sit a while longer with the great spirit, founder of African Methodism, and benediction to the race whom he loved with all his heart, for whom he lived, and for whom he was now about to die.

NEW ACQUISITIONS TO AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH HISTORY

Some very valuable rare books and documents have been recently acquired by the Editor of the REVIEW, which is indicative of the fact that probably others are yet to be found in remote and out-of-the-way places. Much water has passed over the dam since Daniel Alexander Payne gave to the church his monumental, though undocumented tome. He was the first ambitious historian of the church. Handy's "Scraps of African Methodist Episcopal Church History" is valuable, and sheds much light upon certain phases of the church's development. But Handy was not an elected historian as Charles Spencer Smith, and J. T. Jenifer who followed later. The contribution by Reverdy Cassius Ransom stands out in his "Preface to African Methodist Episcopal Church History." Autobiographies, and monographs to one side, the historian of the future will undoubtedly mull over such material as is listed below and catalogued as "New acquisitions": General Conference Minutes of 1864, Philadelphia, Penna.; 1872, Nashville, Tennessee, 1884; Baltimore, Maryland; 1900, Columbus, Ohio; 1904, Chicago, Illinois; 1908, Norfolk, Virginia, and 1912, Kansas City.

The literary treasure trove also consisted of Annual Conference Minutes:

Conference	Session	Date	Conference	Session	Date
Philadelphia	51st	1867	South Car.	8th-9th	1873
Philadelphia	67th	1893	South Car.	13th (Bound)	1887-95
Kentucky	2nd	1882	North E. Tex.	2nd	1880
Oklahoma	6th	1901	West Texas	5th	1879
North Ga.	2nd	1875	Mississippi	9th	1877
			Columbia, S. C., second after the division from the moth- er South Carolina Confer- ence		1882
North East S. C.	4th	1895	Michigan	45th	1931
East Tennessee	3rd	1903	Michigan	48th	1934
Michigan	39th	1925	Michigan	55th	1942
Michigan	47th	1933	South West Mo.	1st	1911
Michigan	54th	1940	South West Mo.	14th	1924
Michigan	56th	1943	Illinois	60th	1877
Southwest Mo.	13th	1923	Louisiana	4th	1868
Southwest Mo.	17th	1927	South Arkansas	3rd	1879
No. Louisiana	8th	1889	Bermuda	35th	1918
Nebraska	21st	1941	New York		1897
Colorado	10th	1898	Arkansas	3rd	1870
Western North Ca.	5th	1897	North Ohio	2nd	1888
West Tennessee	4th	1879			
North Alabama	4th	1881			

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

"African Methodism in Virginia," by L. L. Butt; Hand Book of The A. M. E. Church, 1916, by Reverdy C. Ransom and John R. Hawkins; Year Book of The A. M. E. Church, 1918, by Reverdy C.

Ransom, John Hurst and John R. Hawkins; Hand Book of the A. M. E. Church, 1909, Year Book of The A. M. E. Church, by W. H. H. Butler; REPOSITORY OF RELIGION, MORALITY AND LITERATURE, 1863, Edited by John M. Brown; History of Methodism, (3rd volume), by DuBose; Literature of the A. M. E. Church, by Charles Spencer Smith, 1882; Conference Papers, 67 of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, 1883; THE BETHEL A. M. E. CHURCH CASE, Columbia, South Carolina, 1887. (A very rare document). Africa and America, by Alexander Crummell, 1891; IN MEMORIAM, the funeral program for the late Bishop Abram Grant, 1911. Booker T. Washington was one of the speakers. Pocket Edition of The Encyclopedia of African Methodism, by Richard R. Wright; The BUDGET for 1881-1884, by B. W. Arnett. The original will of Richard Allen, being a photostatic copy; A Sheriff Sale of Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church in 1815, photostatic copy of the notice; The Life of Daniel Peterson, a contemporary of Richard Allen; The Life of Freeborn Garretson, by Nathan Bangs; The Life of Jesse Lee, The Journal of John Woolman, the first voice raised in the United States against slavery; The autobiography of RICHARD ALLEN, and the original mortgage to a tract of land handled by Richard Allen. A Book of Discipline of 1868. The Life of Benjamin Abbott. IN MEMORIAM, Catherine S. Campbell Beckett, by Levi Jenkins Coppin; The Life of Daniel A. Rideout, by D. Archie Rideout.

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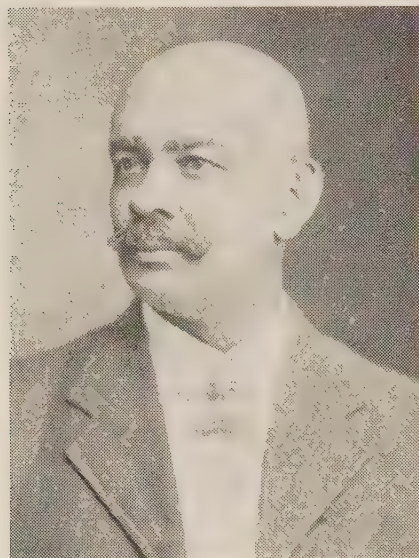
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HIGHTOWER THEODORE KEALING-- MAN OF LETTERS

H. T. Kealing's name adorns the pages of African M. E. Church history with increasing renown. As a distinguished churchman, he was outstanding; as Editor of the Review, 1900-1912 his magnificent performance was brilliant with no superiors; as an orator his artistry and excellence placed him in the category of Thomas Marcus Decatur Ward, and Reverdy Cassius Ransom.



H. T. KEALING

Editor A.M.E. Review 1900-1912

Many who knew Kealing ascribe him a niche of more lofty eminence than any man in the annals of African Methodism. His eloquent voice stirred and moved vast audiences throughout the country and was heard in England and on the continent. His was not the flowery rhetorical method but of coherent, cogent logical reasoning. Kealing was a master of assemblies. He is one of the great personalities which the historian has neglected.

A trip to Austin, Texas recently bore rich fruit when the writer met and had a conference with Mr. Albert Shaw, nearing his eightieth birthday, a brother-in-law of Kealing. It was from him that we got the full name of "Hightower Theodore." He was born April 1, 1859 in Wheatville, Texas, the son of a merchant. His educational attainments were wide, starting with the public schools of his home city, embracing a course at Straight University, New Orleans, with a diploma won at Tabor College, Tabor, Iowa in 1881. He immediately began his career as a teacher in the public schools of Waco. He resigned subsequently to occupy the position of First Principal in Paul Quinn College, where he taught for three years and was made Assistant of the Colored State Normal School at Prairie View, Texas. After three years of outstanding service he returned to Austin and was promoted from Principal of the Grammar School to that of the High School.

Kealing was precocious, and scholarly. He began public life by teaching school in Washington County then at Waco. Later he

came to Prairie View where he served as Assistant Superintendent. His rise was rapid for he was soon called to Austin as Principal of the Grammar School, and from that position was made Superintendent of Public Schools under Superintendent Wynn. Bishop Abraham Grant was a tower of strength in Texas at the time and influenced Kealing to go to Paul Quinn College as President. He was serving in this capacity when the late Arthur Smith Jackson, Financial Secretary, went from the streets of Waco to the college as a student.

In 1900 Dr. Kealing was made Editor. The volumes of the magazine which he gave to the church attest to his literary brilliance and genius. It attained great heights. He continued in charge of the Review until 1912 when he resigned to accept the presidency of Western University, Quindaro, Kansas.

A few years previous the work of Kealing at Austin was outstanding and of permanency so much so that when his health began to fail, he left Kansas and returned to the scene of his former labors. The attention of the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. McCallam, was drawn by Mr. Shaw. That was in September. Kealing came to the city in November. He was invited to address the pupils at the school where he had once taught. Mr. McCallam who came from Segram was so deeply impressed that the name of the school was known as the Kealing School. A block from the original site the Kealing Junior High School now stands. A large portrait of the Educator-Editor hangs upon one of the walls. He also has the honor of being the father of the High School in Austin. He appeared before the School Board consisting of A. P. Woolridge, Fulmore, Tyso, Evans, and A. J. Robinson and made a favorable impression.

Dr. Kealing closed his earthly labors in 1918 and his remains were deposited at Kansas City. Later they were brought to Waco and interred with one of his daughters, Goldie. The widow departed this life a few months ago, but before her decease, sent the Editor of the Review a photograph of her famous husband. The oldest daughter, Frances Hayden is the wife of a Kansas City dentist. The youngest, Cecelia Gayden resides in the ancestral home on what was then Grant Avenue. Carrie Bell Dixon lives with her husband in Washington, D. C. A son also resides in Washington.

When Professor Kealing closed his mortal eyes forever upon this earthly scene, a strong son of Allen left the ranks of the church militant. His name lives on in the hearts and minds of all who knew him, and in the numbers of the Review which he so ably edited. He will be remembered as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism held at Oxford in 1893, but he achieved literary immortality in his "History of African Methodism in Texas," a definitive work of lasting value, and "How To Live Longer," published in 1908.

In 1901 he was sent as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference at London, England, and with Bishop B. T. Tanner, spoke on behalf of the African M. E. Church. The following year Dr. Kealing carried fraternal greetings from the Council of Bishops to the General Conference of the M. E. Church South, setting at Dallas, Texas.

The following eulogistic remarks were made by the late Dr. A. S. Jackson in May 1920 when the General Conference convened at Saint Louis, Missouri as a fitting tribute to a great friend and fellow statesman:

"We live in deeds not words; in actions, not in figures on a dial. We count our time by heart throbs. He lives most who thinks most, who feels the noblest, who acts the best."

"Human history is a romance and life is an enduring drama. Men come into the world, play their part gloriously or ingloriously and pass from the stage amid the thrilling cheers of the populace or the encircling derision and condemnation of men.

Well has it been said that the evil men do lives after them, but the good is oftentimes interred with their bones. Sacred is the memory of our illustrious dead, and we do ourselves honor in this service or commemoration. On history's continuous page great men shine out like stars in the cerulean skies. Because I knew the benevolent grandeur of the man; his love of husbandry, his paternal devotion, it is altogether fit and proper that I should, upon this occasion, speak briefly upon the life and character of Professor H. T. Kealing, who was born in my native state more than a half century ago, and became one of the first of its illustrious sons.

As a boy, he was noted for his procosity and early in his life gave evidence of that fine quality and ability that was so openly manifested in after years. He finished the common schools in his native state, studied at Strait University and took his master's degree at Tabor in the State of Iowa. He returned after graduation to the "Lone Star" State and began his public career in the profession of teaching. Almost instantly, the rare quality of the man was recognized by every one. His erudition had no counterpart at that time in the State and people turned to him as they would to the light of a new star rising in the Heavens.

He was sought by all boards of education in the state, and everywhere filled the requirements to over-capacity. His life was spotless, stainless and exemplary and as beautiful in exhibition as the flowers that grow wild on the great plains of his native state.

His name became a household word and was always synonymous with honor and integrity.

He came to Paul Quinn College as President and the inspiration of his life though a quarter of a century has passed, is still

felt in the community life of that institution. The boys and girls whom he taught shall never forget his sterling worth nor his inspiring words.

His philosophy was simple, sound and infallible. His application of every-day transactions to the development of human character and worth-whileness is unexcelled. As an orator, lecturer, platform speaker, he was without peer. The charm of his language, the merry ripple in his speech and the music of his voice held his audiences under a spell such as few men in this century have been able to do.

All over this country the power of Kealing in public address is known and appreciated in such measure as is accorded to but few men. In his declining years when his physical strength was giving way, the robustness of his mind remained; and I saw him in the last month of his life in this world deliver such a thrilling speech that his hearers were mad with ecstasy and driven into convulsions with delight.

He was a stalwart African Methodist and cherished the "Old Church" fondly and tenderly until the angels in sweetness kissed his eyelids down into that lasting and eternal sleep from which no mortal ever awakes.

His record in the world is made and the glory of his transactions shall ne'er be forgot as long as fame her record keeps.

Now in that beautiful celestial city he looks down at this hour, tenderly and sweetly upon this great Convention which he so much loved."

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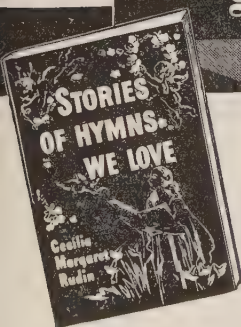
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REVIEWING THE NEWS

The American Bible Society was founded in 1816, the same year in which the African M. E. Church was formally organized. Since then the Society has distributed 4,231,012 Scriptures. Dr. V. C. Hodges is one of the Secretaries, and Bishop G. W. Baber is a member of the Board.

The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools has given "A" rating to Edward Waters College at Jacksonville, Florida, and Daniel Payne College at Birmingham, Alabama. A new dormitory for girls, and a dining room have been completed at Edward Waters, and the library building enlarged. At Payne a two hundred thousand dollar dormitory for girls has been constructed and paid for without a mortgage. Bishop C. A. Gibbs presides over Florida, and Bishop I. H. Bonner over Alabama.

A one hundred fifty thousand dollar theological seminary Administration Class Room building has been completed at Shorter College at North Little Rock, Arkansas. Bishop W. R. Wilkes is the Episcopal Supervisor.

Coppin Hall on the campus of Allen University has been completely remodeled, and made modern. The interior structure was removed and rebuilt, including a full-length basement for a laundry, and storage room for trunks. Arnett Hall was also renovated. Bishop F. M. Reid led in raising \$300,000 for endowment, and for the renovation obtained \$200,000 from the F. H. A., and recently the Ford Foundation gave the institution \$112,400. Morris Brown College received \$129,800. The grand total was the largest in educational history, \$500,000,000.

Payne Theological Seminary, Wilberforce, Ohio has been granted Associate Membership by the American Association of Theological Schools; Dr. Rembert Stokes, Dean.

An enlarged Headquarters Building for The World Council of Churches at Geneva has been planned. The organization includes thirty-two Protestant and Orthodox communions in the United States. The world body has one hundred sixty-four member communions in forty-seven countries. Bishop D. Ward Nichols is a member of the Central Committee.

Wilberforce University received a grant of \$2,500 for its library from the Beaumont Foundation, after having raised \$5,000. Edward Waters College receives annually \$50,000 from Duval County, and the city of Jacksonville, proportionately.

For many years the African M. E. Church was the only group of African descent to hold membership in the Illinois Council of Churches at Springfield. Recently the Baptist General Convention of Illinois has been accepted.

Deposits in the Tri-State Bank of Memphis, Tennessee have grown as follows: 1950—\$1,573,732.82, 1951—\$1,753,229.83, 1952—\$1,749,540.68, 1953—\$1,834,312.16, 1954—\$1,978,061.77, 1955—\$2,555,344.78. The institution is serving race victims of the "Economic squeeze" in the area because of their efforts to gain first-class citizenship rights under the Constitution of the United States.

The merger of the A. F. L. and the C. I. O. is an accomplished fact. It was consummated December 5th in the 71st Regiment Armory, N. Y. by 1,487 delegates from 135 international Unions. Upon the large flag which was displayed at the back of the stage was the motto: "ALL TRADES, ALL CRAFTS, ALL COLORS, ALL CREEDS—TOGETHER!" The merged Union is headed by George Meany and Walter Reuther. A. Philip Randolph and Willard S. Townsend are among the Vice Presidents.

During the Christmas season LIFE magazine appeared in two-issue combined form, and featured Christianity. The Chicago Defender is now a daily. Dr. C. W. Abington, Editor of Religious Literature, will retire at the forthcoming General Conference after having given the church over fifty years of faithful service. He is crowning his fruitful life with the erection of a Theological Seminary Building on the Paul Quinn College campus.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has handed down a decision which does away with segregation on public carriers, separate Waiting Rooms, and facilities for passengers traveling from one state to another.

An unusual will by the late Reverend J. H. Nutter of the Delaware Conference, Methodist Church, father of the Reverend Matthew H. Nutter, Pastor of A. M. E. Church, Coatesville, Penna., and Mrs. Velma D. Johnson, sister. "You both will please carry out as near as you can, the wishes and desires of your father as expressed

in this accompanying will: 'I will and request all of my children to love one another; do unto each other as you would have him or her do unto you. Stick together. Let nothing separate you. Be patient with each other, and forgive one another. Take good care of your mother while she lives. Honor your father and your mother, fear God, and keep His Commandments, so when you depart this life, come home to Heaven where Jesus is. I hope to meet everyone of you, with your mother in Heaven.'” Reverend Nutter died June 5, 1947 at the age of 91. While a Professor at Morgan College he taught Bishop William Sampson Brooks.

Representatives of thirty-five countries and the United Nations were present at Monrovia, Liberia, January 1st when President William Vacandrat Shadrach Tubman was inaugurated for his third term. Bishop E. C. Hatcher of the area, and the 13th Episcopal District went by airplane to represent the church. During the ceremonies the Bishop was decorated by President Tubman, admitted into the Humane Order of African Redemption, and conferred the Great Band. Miss Sadie Yancy of St. Paul, Lexington, Ky., and Dean of Women, Howard University, was in the party.

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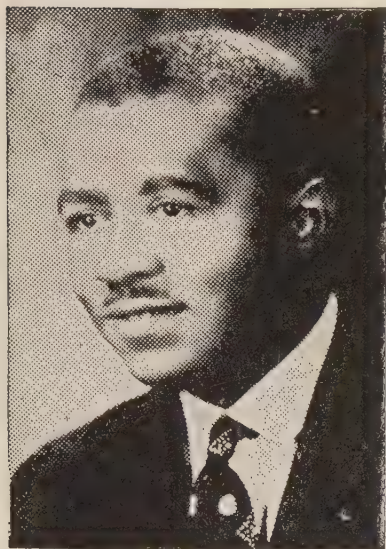
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THE FIVE WORLDS WE LIVE IN

By REMBERT STOKES



DR. REMBERT STOKES

I. INTRODUCTION

The description of a Christian college by Dr. T. A. Distler reads in part as follows:

"... a Christian college founds itself upon the Word of God . . . serves the Church, makes special provision for students for the ministry; strives to send out into the world, whether into the professions, into business or into other vocations, men of sound Christian principle and practice; and endeavors in its education program to *transmit knowledge of the world in all its aspects*, to develop the capacity to perform useful work in the world,

and along with the facts to impart a sense of Christian values, so that the Truth may be brought to serve the Kingdom of God as Christ proclaimed it."

Paul Quinn College is living up to this high purpose. How vastly vital then, that investment be made in dedicated service and sacrificial giving to enable Paul Quinn to soar into uncharted heights as she remains loyal to this high calling! The consecrated and inspired leadership rendered the supporting Tenth Episcopal District by Bishop Joseph Gomez, the generous giving of the constituency and of philanthropy, the thoughtful and stable administration of the College by President Veal, the devotion of both faculty and students to intellectual and spiritual pursuits—all these factors assure Paul Quinn a glorious, productive future in the educational circles of the nation.

Concerning the mission of a college "to transmit knowledge of the world in all its aspects" we are indebted to Professor Albert C. Outler for the exciting and inclusive suggestion that *we live in five worlds*, which represent the various aspects of our being. As students and sensitive persons it is imperative that we find our true relationship to each of these five worlds and the harmonizing principle which unites them, if we are to become integrated and effective individuals, empowered to live creatively in an hour like this. *Let us consider then, these five worlds we live in.*

II. THE WORLD AROUND US.

This is the physical world, the world of nature in all its transcendent glory. Dr. Sittler affirms:

Earth is not a fallen, cloven and sinful entity. It is the cradle in which Christ was laid, created of God. It is not man's mother—a pagan notion—but as St. Francis profoundly surmised, man's sister, sharer of his sorrow and scene and partial substance of his joys. . . .

The world around us is the storehouse for man's needs and scene of his glorious existence. Probing her mysteries with the endowed genius of his questioning mind, man has fathomed from her depths such wonders as the secrets of electro-magnetic power, the magic of flight, atomic fusion, the ease of automation, and other aids for the enhancement of his life upon her face. But man can distort his relationship with this world into an ugly grotesque spectre.

When man's powers are employed to conquer nature to serve his clamant lusts, man abdicates and celebrates his shameful abdication by perverse delight in that which overcomes him.

(Dr. Sittler)

The writer of 104th Psalm possessed this thrilling insight into the manner in which this world around us expresses God's creative power and is responsive to divine activity in behalf of man. He sings of God:

. . . who maketh the clouds his chariot:
who walketh upon the wings of the wind . . .

who laid the foundations of the earth. . . .

He sendeth springs into the valleys. . . .

He watereth the hills from his chambers. . . .

He causeth grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man. . . .

He appointed the moon for seasons:

the Sun knoweth his going down. . . .

It is the world in which

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until evening . . . O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom thou hast made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

Every thrilling phenomenon, each minute aspect of this world is derived from the divine source and fountain of life and illuminated with meaning because of their common dependence upon Almighty God. The Psalmist says of all these created elements:

These all look to thee.

Our physical bodies are composed of and accommodated by the elements in this world around us. Atomic science has recently confirmed the biblical insight that flesh is grass and fleeting. 98% of the atoms that make up the body are renewed each year. 50% of the water in our bodies is replaced every eight days. Even our bones are in motion and dynamic, the little crystals in them dissolving continuously and reforming. The knowledge of transiency of flesh should be a factor in our adjustment to this world.

Change and decay in all around
I see

O Thou who changeth not,
abide with me.

God has loving concern for the material world. He formed it and employs it to his glory. We have no present bodies, save these of procreant man. We have no present souls, save these housed in our physical bodies. "The Word (itself) became flesh and dwelt among us." We should therefore love this world of nature as our sister and conserve and generously share her treasures. In the Book of Genesis God placed man in the garden of Eden, a garden of this world around us, and commanded him to tend it as a part of his creation—"not to use as a godless warehouse or to rape her as a tyrant." This world around us is a wonderful world if we can remember one thing: "In this world there is never enough for love and lust."

For it must be admonished, this is a dangerous world. Buell Galaher has recently said:

One cobalt bomb, on a barge anchored off the Pacific Coast about a thousand miles, can be detonated by a time fuse. In 24 hours the prevailing westerly winds carry the intensely radioactive mist to the shore. Three days later the fallout has blanketed the entire nation, from coast to coast and at least from border to border—leaving in its wake not one living thing.

III. THE WORLD BEHIND US.

We now move into the world of history and remembrance. One mark of personality is the ability to

consciously recall transpired experience in order to benefit from the lessons therein revealed. In this world are retained the cherished residues of achieved human experience, which through the process of analysis and comparison, became jewels in our present understanding and enjoyment of culture. Through wise intercourse within this sphere, we avoid repeating the same old mistakes.

The Old Testament gives us a three - dimensioned, technicolor showing of God's action in history and of man's hesitating response. Indeed, we find man often in rebellion and worthy to be crushed, but not crushed because of God's mercy. In this world we see clearly the responsibility that accompanies freedom, we see the moral law at work among nations and in the lives of men, the folly of wickedness, the binding effect of sin, the blood-brought glory of righteousness, and the steady hand of God.

Arnold Toynbee, after studying the 20 great civilizations of the world in all their aspects, and fearful of man's toying with the great values of life, and seeing the east arrayed against the west in our present day, gave this word to humanity from the extremes of his anxiety: "Amplexus Expecta," which translated freely says: "Hang on, and wait and pray."

The blue sky of this world behind us should be gratitude as we look to the heroes in all fields who have given us this hour. Especially should this be true as we glance toward the great pioneers of Afri-

can Methodism, to whom we owe so much—a firm hold on God and his goodness expressed in evangelical warmth, a deep sense of human dignity proclaimed while we were yet enslaved, a keen awareness that our minds need discipline to guide and control our enthusiastic spirits. The spirit of our founder, Richard Allen, given this classic expression by Daniel A. Payne, "God our Father, Christ our Redeemer, Man our Brother," is prophetic and could well be the motto of today's world.

Jesus, through the institution of the Last Supper, enabled his followers through the centuries to live in richest gratitude for the greatest event in all human history, his own advent into the world in the fullness of time, his crucifixion and resurrection, when he said of this sacramental means of transport into the world behind us, "This do in remembrance of me." There is power to be appropriated by the wise from this world.

IV. THE WORLD BEYOND US.

This is the multi-racial and multi-cultural world, with other societies and nations differing from ours in language, style and customs. Today from this world we hear groanings for a new dawn of peace founded upon justice. Whatever superficial differences may tend to divide the peoples of the world, with a single eye all look for and demand basic things. Dr. Elton Trueblood, in his recent book, *Declaration of Freedom*, deeply aware of the threat of communism in distressed and exploited lands, sketches and utopian blueprint of a free society for citizens the world over, in which all

might become fully human, through unlimited expressions of knowledge, feeling and love. He says in preface to his declaration that submerged peoples demand these three things:

1. A share in the fruits of the industrial revolution. The Nigerian housewife wants a Singer sewing machine; the citizen of India wants hydro-electric power.

2. A share in the democratic progress, oldest revolution in the world. We hear the cry for this demand arising from Morocco and Mississippi.

3. Something which will give dignity and meaning to their lives. They require not something to live on merely, but something to live for. Any hope for peace in this world beyond us must rest upon the concept of the dignity of the individual, the concept expressed by honoring each man as an individual man, and not just another Jew, Italian or Korean. Emanuel Kant offers the formula for this preservation of individual dignity in his classic utterance:

So act that thou dost treat every man, whether in thine own person or that of another, as an end in himself, and not as a means, merely.

We are challenged in this world not to use others merely to satisfy our lust, make money, or exploit politically. It is really the essence of Christian love to treat one as one. "No one can debase a man and escape the responsibility of disorienting the idea of God."

The Apostle Paul, born a Jew in Roman-governed province, interfused with Greek philosophical culture, had perceived the ability of Christian love to harmonize cultural differences, had seen the need for an ecumenical spirit to unite this transcultural world, when he proclaimed:

There is no room for "Jew" and "Greek"; there is no room for "slave" and "freeman"; . . . for in union with Christ Jesus you are all one.

The foundation of this world is created and free humanity. It must become aglow with brotherhood and goodwill. Its fruit must be a free society for all, or else we perish.

East is east and
West is west and
Ever the twain *must* meet.

V. THE WORLD WITHIN US.

We have reached the battleground of the universe—the heart of man. If truth loses here then man will use the world around him to obliterate the world beyond him.

This is world of conscience, ethical perception and direction. It is the world in which the personality and ego emerge to make their adjustments to other worlds, as they are harmonized and integrated by experiences and choices. It is the world of our self-evident capacity for religion. A. Campbell Garnett has wisely said:

Without religion . . . that is, an attitude of devotion to something beyond the self, which is held worthy of supreme devotion, life can never be at its best and most effective.

The solid rock formation of this world is profound experience with God. In this world we joy in the idea of the holy and meet God in that numinous, ineffable, mysterious challenge. It is the place in the soul where God communicates with man. The world around us in the burning bush confronted Moses while he chafed in distress for his people in the world beyond us. It pierced and awakened his slumbering world *within*, so God could challenge him. The world around him in the sacramental things of the altar, symbolic things of sight and sense, opened new vistas for the world *within* for Isaiah, and established him through the cycle of worship into a servant of God. Reverence, cleansing, sensitivity to the world beyond him, led to divine dedication of his life.

The overarching sky of this world is the God-illuminated conscience and the God-led will, confirmed when a man says "I will" and "I must" to the ideals he believes to be true.

The good fruit of this world is commitment and dedication, for religion demands commitment to God, or to some inferior value. Religion insists that only by giving himself in God's service can a man find himself. This need for commitment and dedication the communists have discerned, as illustrated in this quotation from a young Chinese convert to communism:

Now I am no longer the former man you knew. Apart from my body, which is the same, my whole mind and thought have been changed. I have become a new man in the classless rev-

olution pioneer corps, a loyal believer of Marx-Leninism. I shall never live for myself alone but for the masses.

How our colleges and churches need young hearts to declare: "I have become a new man in the kingdom of God, a new being in Christ, a loyal believer in the kerygma, the proclamation of Christianity. I shall never live for myself alone, but for God!"

Students must meet this demand of the world through dedication of talents. Some of you often say: "What kind of job will I be doing when I graduate?" However, proper adjustment to the world within will cause a rephrasing of this query into something like this: "Just how shall I creatively surrender to the worlds I live in my talent, or by what contribution of mine are these worlds going to receive the contribution which I have to make?" Dr. Jonas Salk was obviously sensitive to this need for dedication. I understand that he refused to seek a patent for his life-preserving vaccine for ending the scourge of poliomyelitis, thus surrendering his genius gladly to the scorn of earthly gain, and to the incomputable gain of the world beyond him.

This world within also involves commitment and dedication of wealth, which is not our own, but that which we hold in sacred trust from the world around us. Freedom to serve and to give of our wealth is a precious heritage of our American tradition. More and more each year gifts from individuals, corporations and other philanthropic groups flow into private and Church

sponsored institutions like Paul Quinn, because Paul Quinn represents a guarantee that our worlds will survive through the production of dedicated personalities of Christian orientation. We give not only because of the intrinsic joy received, but because God has given us and made us stewards having dominion over the world around us.

This world too is a dangerous one. For without good religion man plunges through the sea of life at the discretion of his lust and selfishness, like a rudderless ship at the capricious desecration of the angry waves and wind. Arnold Toynbee has said again:

Western man is in the position of practicing a technological way of life and still believing in freedom (and sacredness of personality) without believing in its religious foundation. History (the world around us) teaches us that this paradox cannot long be continued. We must choose between losing our freedom or re-establishing our moral foundations.

An integrating principle must harmonize our relation to all these worlds. Psychosomatic medicine reveals today that bodily health is greatly dependent upon spiritual and moral poise. Paul had seen another conflict between these worlds when he wrote:

My inner nature agrees with the divine law, but all through my body I see another principle in conflict with the law of my reason, which makes me a pris-

oner to that law of sin that runs through my body. What a wretched man I am! Who can save me from this doomed body? Thank God! It is done through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Romans 7:22-25, Goodspeed.

No fragmentary relationship between these worlds will suffice. It is too fallacious for us to think that the "different parts of life can be kept in mutually exclusive, logic-tight compartments." The divorce of technics from ethics threatens cobalt destruction. The attempted divorce of the physical body from the inner man brings moral and mental collapse and sickness unto death. The divorce of wealth from stewardship leads to selfish exploitation. The cosmic knowledge which man has achieved of the world around him now requires cosmic control. "With the loss of cosmos the inner life of man has become chaos."

VI. THE WORLD ABOVE US.

And thus we are driven inexorably to the fifth and final world in which we live, the world above us, the world of God.

We believe that the Creator and Lawgiver truly is, and is not a delusion of our imaginations or an innocuous myth of our human hopes. Dr. Trueblood states that "the materialistic atheist stumbles over the fact of his own personality and purpose," which can only be explained by another and higher person, God. Around us, behind us, beyond us, within us there is a great and loving and patient purpose, Almighty God. This is the world of

the Spirit that overlaps the boundaries of the infinite. In Him all worlds merge and are charged with divine purpose. Without reference to him they collide and explode.

The acknowledgement of our Christian faith is that God created time and space in a myriad clockwork of billions of stars and that he is the Judge and Redeemer of all creation. All worlds are each and all the creations of his power and love; and everyone of them derives its truth, its meaning and its worth from his design and investment in them. We believe that God in his love for us willed that magnificent, incomparable moment in history, when he invested himself in the life of his Son our Lord Jesus Christ, that "God was in Christ reconciling all worlds 'unto himself.'" It is God who harmonizes and illuminates these worlds in the life of man. And from Him there comes this word for our existence in them:

Of the world around us He declares:

I made it. It is lovely and it is mine. And while I have given you dominion over it, you must exercise that dominion as a sacred trust. Even the habitation of your immortal soul, your physical body, I have made my temple which you dare not defile.

Of the world behind us He instructs:

I am the chief event in history as the beginning and the end, the first and the last, and through men inspired of Me, I will strive until the

kingdoms of this world become My kingdom. My Church "is a community of hopeful believers, who are not afraid of life or death, of present or future history, being persuaded that the whole of life and all historical vicissitudes stand under my holy sovereignty, as I administer it in mercy and justice." (Reinhold Niebuhr).

This gives us hope. In the low moments of the soul we may cry:

Watchman! What of the night?
 No light we see;
 Our souls are bruised and sick-
 ened with the sight
 Of this foul crime against hu-
 manity.
 The ways are dark—
 But then as His eternal hope arises
 through his Son we shout:
 "I see in the morning light!"
 Beyond the war-clouds and the
 reddened ways,
 I see the promise of the Coming
 Days!
 I see His sun arise, new charged
 with grace,
 Earth's tears to dry and all her
 woes efface!
 Christ lives! Christ loves! Christ
 rules!
 No more shall *Might*,
 Though leagued ' with all the
 forces of the night,
 Ride over Right. No more shall
 Wrong
 The world's gross agonies pro-
 long.
 Who waits His time shall surely
 see
 The triumph of His Constancy;
 When, without let, or bar, or
 stay
 The Coming of His Perfect Day

Shall sweep the Powers of Night
 away;
 And Faith replumed for nobler
 flight,
 And Hope aglow with radiance
 bright,
 And Love in loveliness bedight
 "Shall greet the morning light."

Of the world beyond us he
 pleads:

I, God have "made of one blood
 all nations of men for to dwell on
 the face of the earth," but you will
 not honor your brother beyond you
 unless and until you believe in me.
 For while men are not intellectual,
 physical or moral equals, I created
 them all equal, and giving them
 share in a common nature under
 me, therefore, I have endowed every
 man with supreme importance.
 Even the humblest and most ob-
 scure and most downtrodden and
 morally depraved, even he has an
 unalienable link with eternity and
 you dare not disregard him. My
 esteem for this dispossessed man is
 eternally demonstrated in the fact
 that My Son died for him.

To the world within us he extends
 a great invitation to new being in
 Christ. In me, through the Holy
 Spirit, ye shall receive power from
 on high, power to know the right,
 will power to live in righteousness,
 and the inspiration to dedicate your
 life to me, as I commune with you
 in the sweet fellowship of prayer.

We see now Jesus on Calvary.

He looked to the world around
 Him and winced in response to the

excruciating pain springing from the wounds in His pierced side and in His hands and feet. He glanced into the world behind Him where sharp memory produced in tragic relief the dark vision of His denial and betrayal by His own beloved. His sorrowing eyes fell downward to the world beyond Him only to behold the ugly wide and deep cultural gap between Himself and His ignorant Roman executioners, who were blind to His mission and deaf to His message. His love reached down to them as he petitioned, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He then turned with anxiety to the world within Him, where amid the torture and distress of mind and body pressing against his spirit, His human side felt loneliness and doubt and caused him to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In His desperation he strained his longing and needful eyes heavenward to the world above Him, where he found that ever-present rejuvenation for His flagging spirit and a resurgence of faith to empower his commitment of life to the purposes of God. "Father, into thy hands, I commend my spirit."

Dr. William L. Stidger, the morning after a drenching rain, saw the wholeness of God's creative and regulative role in these worlds in which we live. I conclude with his lines:

I saw God wash the world last
night.
With his sweet showers on
high,
And then when morning came
I saw Him hang it out to dry.

He washed each slender blade
of grass
And every trembling tree,
He flung his showers against
the hills,
And swept the rolling sea.

The white rose is a purer white,
The red a richer red,
Since God washed every smiling face,
And put them all to bed.

There's not a bird, there's not
a bee,
That wings across the way,
But is a cleaner bird or bee,
Than it was yesterday.

I saw God wash the world last
night
Ah, would he had washed me,
As clean of all my dust and
dirt,
As that old white birch tree!

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THE LESSON OF FIVE HUNDRED YEARS

By CHARLES GRANVILLE HAMILTON

1453 was a date that even the dull-est schoolboy of a generation ago could tell you. It was one of the great dates of history, which he memorized in the grades. It was, with 1476, one of the hinges of history, by which time was partitioned off into three airtight compartments called Ancient, Medieval, and Modern eras. In 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, ending the long surviving Eastern Roman Empire. As the end of western Rome closed Ancient history, so the passing of power from eastern Rome appropriately closed another epoch.

1453 is no longer a sacred date to even high school students of history. We are not as sure of the boundaries of periods; in fact, we shy away from the sureness of the finite universe of Victorians. 1492 replaced 1453 for some; for others 1517, or 1648 symbolize the Reformation and the ending of the medieval dream which was often a nightmare as well as an illusion of fancy. A number of more recent historians have begun the modern epoch in 1776 or 1789, with the great revolutions. And as a consequence, the five hundredth anniversary of 1453 passed almost unnoticed, even by the periodicals which present to a gullible public infallibly doctored history.

Yet 1953 did not pass entirely unnoticed. The Turks proudly recalled the day when New Rome became their property and were only hindered from a great national celebration by Oriental caution. The

sons of the prophet in these days depend their security upon the giant power of these United States, and it might diminish the military and defense donations to the warriors of Islam if they were to remind a so-called Christian nation of the defeat of Christians five centuries before. Since the Turkish vote will not carry one precinct even in Wisconsin, some demagogue would doubtless have investigated the alien activities of the Moslems—who also have few votes—and would have demanded immediate termination of aid to Turkey as a reflection on the Christian faith of his constituents. It is even probable that a Turkish celebration might have turned this largess from the Bosphorus to that singular example of the spirit of the gentle Jesus known as Francisco Franco.

1453 marked the permanent division of the section of the world which then regarded itself as civilization into two religious groupings. Up to that time, it was possible for Islam to regard itself as the predestined ruler of all mankind, but the stubborn resistance of Constantinople gained time for the west to rally at Lepanto and Vienna, and to finally stop the Moslem tide on the southern extremities of Europe. This siege of many a century, although a triumph for the Moslems, was rather in actuality a setting of bounds to their ambitions. They had to learn that all the world was not to be a domain of the faithful, and that the hammer of Charles Martel would be repeated in the

east. It ended forever in the minds of realistic Moslems the notion of an earth following the Koran.

1453 was at least as tragic for those medieval minds who assumed that the Cross could not coexist with the Crescent, and that the will of God was the destruction of the Moor. Although the last and lingering troubadour of Chesterton had not sailed forth on the last crusade, there was an atmosphere of finality written over the crusades. The Holy Land was not to be recovered from the infidel in the lifetimes of those living. Its recovery was no longer an article of western European politics. The fears that men like Frederick of Sicily were Moslems at heart was a realization that these two religious faiths were coexisting side by side, and that conversion could be a two-way passage. Although European leaders could start movements which took centuries to redeem their invaded territories, there was no dream of the reconversion of North Africa or of Asia Minor. The triumph of the Crescent in the region from Casablanca to Kandahar was an undisputed fact to be reckoned with.

1453 meant to the pious Christian that there would have to be two worlds coexistent although opposite in faith. There could be the prayer that the infidel might see the light and the hope that some day the reign of Christ should know no frontiers, but neither could be a present probability. Mohammedanism was a Christian heresy in that it had sprung from the Old Testament protest against Idolatry, and had been fed by the decadent Christian tra-

ditions of the Near East which had often adapted local idolatries and superstitions. Mohammed claimed to base himself on the New as well as on the Old Testament, on Jesus as well as on Moses. Yet there was singularly little of the spirit of Jesus in Islam, and although it might be historically a Christian offshoot, in actuality it was at opposite ends of thought. Its faith was propagated by the sword, in addition to devious propaganda, both of which were not the highest methods in the sight of many pious Christians. The Moslem attitude toward woman was a regression from Christian custom to more pagan tyranny and sensuality. The simple worship of Islam could easily degenerate into a meaningless formalism. The brotherhood practiced by Moslems might put some Christians to shame, but it was restricted compared with the wider range of better Christian thought. The leaders of Islam might not be worse than some of their opponents, and there were Moslem leaders who were obviously closer to the spirit of the Bible than were some alleged Christian kings, but the general run of Moslem rulers was no different from Oriental tyrants from the days of Babylon on. Moslem rule was more insufferable because it was static, and lacking the Christian and Jewish tradition of revolution.

In spite of all the good which modern apologists have detected in the Mohammedan faith, and which is undoubtedly there, the part of the world which remained under its sway has undoubtedly been blacked out from most of civilization and culture for five centuries.

This is the stagnant part of the world, compared with which the more backward ethnic faiths of India and China offered more hope, because they did not pretend to have the last word. Settled down in ritualistic orthodoxy, with theological doctrinalism reduced to utmost aridity, in spite of the efforts of Shiite mystics, and reduced to a crust of social custom dooming most of the human race to suffer at the will of Allah, this part of the world could have been under the Dead Sea so far as positive contributions to human progress in five centuries are concerned. This does not mean that dropping hydrogen bombs on the Arab League would solve any problems, but it has taken Russian Communism to break through this crust of cruel prejudice and moronic simplicity.

Russian Communism, as has often been noted, has numerous parallels with Mohammedanism. It was also in part a Christian heresy, stemming from the idolatry of money and from the superstitions and dead orthodoxies which had replaced the faith of Amos and Jesus in many national churches. Marxism even claimed to itself the heritage of the Old Testament prophets of justice, and inscribes a verse from Thessalonians over a major public building in Moscow. But there has been singularly little of the spirit of Jesus in Marxism, and though its historic roots may be in the Christian tradition, its practice has continued the ancient tyrannies of its area. Soviet imperialism had spread more rapidly than did Mohammedan, and largely again by the sword or by propaganda craftily adopted to the

simple minded. The Soviet attitude toward personality has been regression to the murderous monarchs of the Genghis Khan era or even of earlier days. While there are samples of Communist brotherhood which put Christians to shame, they are again much more restricted than the better Christian efforts of world friendship. There is much to admire in the singlehearted devotion of the Moslem who turns his prayer rug on a train winding through mountain passes so that he always faces Mecca, as there is in the strange and fanatical devotion of the Communist who through devious wanderings of the party line can always face Moscow. There are Communist leaders who are better than some of their opponents, but it can not be said that most of the top or average level of Communist leadership has been characterized by intelligence, insight, understanding, or aught save ruthless will to power regardless of human destinies.

1955 may be 1453, in a revised version. We may again have to face the fact that there are two worlds, not one, on our planet. We may have to again accept cultural pluralism and religious diversity. This does not mean that we shall not try to convert our adversaries; it does not mean that we shall not defend ourselves and our neighbors against cultural or territorial imperialism from the hostile creed. We are faced with a religion whose fanaticism makes the murderous Turk of legend into a comparatively merciful conqueror, and whose insidious attack makes the menace of the Crescent of five centuries ago seem like a child's game. The part

of the world which lies behind this more iron curtain may live in darkness for more than five centuries. This is a sombre and sobering realization. It may be that the march of the modern machine may make it unnecessary to wait five centuries to break this iron yoke; but it might also be that the machine may make enslavement more difficult to break than in the days when archers could break the charges of cavalry of the desert. We may have to redeem lands as slowly as the Serbs reclaimed their hills. It may be a task of centuries to extend the boundaries of faith and of freedom. Or, in the good will of God, new forces from with-

in might break through in a scant half century.

Have five hundred years taught us this lesson, this patience, this endurance of a different, diverse, and destructive civilization? Have the centuries weighed in our minds above the years? Have we learned that the Eternal neither faints nor falters, that His purposes are not ours, and that the earth shall still be full of the knowledge of God as waters cover the sea? Do we not still hear the trumpet of liberty blowing from an older desert faith proclaiming liberty to all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof?

—Corinth, Mississippi.

THE DRINKING DRIVER—A MENACE

By JOHN P. TURNER, M.D.

With the advent of the motor driven vehicle, there comes into existence a new problem for a certain element of motorists, for pedestrians, and for law enforcement officers. We are not limiting this treatise to the Drunken Driver, but rather, stressing the importance of attention to the Driver who has been drinking. This includes the imbibing of any kind of alcoholic beverage. It has been demonstrated (Brit. M. J.) that one glass of beer increased the incidence of error in a simple experiment:

A—Precision in making a number of dots by twenty-one percent.

B—Peripheral vision (which catches moving objects) may be affected up to eleven percent.

After ingestion of an amount of alcohol equivalent to $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of whiskey, errors in typewriting increased forty percent for the next two hours, and after twice this quantity of alcohol, by seventy percent. Alcohol taken in small or moderate amounts according to a summary by the British Medical Association, has been shown to diminish attention and control, to affect reasoning adversely, to affect adversely the power to make movements dependent on rapid and accurate coordination, and the ability of the eyes to follow clearly an object brought nearer and nearer. Often we hear the drinking driver boast, he can operate his car better after one or more drinks. As a matter of fact his body works less efficiently. Especially effective on

the body reaction is alcohol if taken on an empty stomach.

Alcohol, unlike most food substances, passes into the blood without undergoing any change. The rate of absorption from the gastrointestinal tract is extremely rapid. The equilibrium in distribution of Alcohol throughout the body is reached within two or three hours and maintained as long as twelve hours. It is a common belief the effects of alcohol can be relieved by strenuous exercise. Experiments by Carpenter showed the performance of muscular work was accompanied by no significant variations in alcohol concentration from levels found during rest.

I

It has been observed however, that some substances do accelerate the disappearance of alcohol from the body. The intoxicating effect of alcohol is less pronounced when food is taken a short time before or with the drinking. The effect of food in the stomach appears to be due to a chemical rather than a physical action on the alcohol.

The law on the Statute books of Pennsylvania, states it is unlawful for a person to operate a motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. This does not mean he or she must be drunk. The interpretation is, that one becomes so affected by the drinking of alcoholic beverage as to render the various faculties of the human mechanism, incapable of proper functioning. The muscular response to normal stimuli may be faulty. The visual acuity may be impaired.

Depending upon the degree of intoxication, the brain may be stimulated or depressed, so that quick decision which is so often necessary when operating an automobile, is rendered impossible.

After taking alcohol into the stomach, it is shortly found in the blood, urine, saliva and on the breath. Noville found that slight intoxication in human beings starts when the blood alcohol content ranges from 0.1 to 0.2 percent (from 100 to 200 mg. per hundred cubic centimeters of blood).

From a group of unselected cases admitted to the alcoholic ward of the Fifth Medical Service of Boston City Hospital, the following general conclusions were drawn:

Except for the odor of alcohol on the breath, clinical manifestation of intoxication do not appear until the blood alcohol exceeds 0.2 percent; when the content is from 0.2 to 0.3 percent, evidence of intoxication was definite and characterized chiefly by a change in effect, the patients being loquacious, crafty, witty, silly or belligerent, with some disturbance of locomotion. When it was 0.3 to 0.4 percent walking was very unsteady or impossible, speech was thick, and drowsiness was the rule; when it was from 0.4 to 0.5 percent there was no voluntary activity whatever, stupor supervening from which the patient could be roused by painful stimuli; when it was above 0.5 percent practically all patients were in alcoholic coma.

Translating the above tabulation, we find there are several degrees

of intoxication. A patient may appear absolutely normal. He may walk with a steady gait, speak coherently and show no objective signs of alcoholic intoxication. The blood content of such persons ranges less than 0.1 percent. These people may be designated as dry and decent. Another group may be defined as delighted and devilish. Their degree of intoxication is obvious to most people. The alcoholic blood content is above 0.1 to 0.2 percent. Another group could be designated as delinquent and disgusting. The amount of alcohol in the blood ranges around 0.2 to 0.3 percent. Everybody recognizes this class as being intoxicated. Still another class of belligerents are found to be dizzy and delirious. Their blood alcohol content is between 0.4 and 0.5 percent. When over 0.5 percent alcohol is found in the blood, the victim is dead drunk.

The blood content of ingested alcohol as given in some detail, is stressed, because it is the scientific determination of degree intoxication.

II

Our examination of alleged intoxicated chauffeurs in Philadelphia, does not include blood examinations nor urine tests. May I explain in detail just what happens when a person is arrested charged with driving while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. The House Sergeant immediately telephones the Chief Surgeon's office, giving the district where the prisoner is located. The time the call is received is noted by switch-board operator in the Chief Surgeon's of-

fice. He in turn telephones the Police Surgeon on duty at the time, informing him as to the Police District and the charge against the person arrested. The Police Surgeon proceeds at once to the district. Following is our procedure in the examination of alleged "drunken driver." We proceed to the house Sergeant's office where we telephone the Chief Surgeon's office. In that office it is noted the time we arrive.

The Police sheets with charges against the person arrested are examined. We note whether there has been an accident, personal or property damage, passing red light, or just a plain Zig Zagger. We then proceed to the cell-room where the prisoner is lodged. From this moment we make a mental picture of everything that happens with respect to the person to be examined. When he is brought from the cell, we note his demeanor, his gait, his general attitude. My first question to him is "What is your trouble?" Invariably the answer is "nothing." The detailed examination is as follows:

Temperature taken. It may range anywhere from 95 to 98 $\frac{2}{5}$ (normal). It is usually subnormal. The effect of alcohol on temperature is to lower it.

Pulse—It may be anywhere from normal (72) to 120. Alcohol for some time after ingestion is a stimulant. It causes a rapidity of pulse rate. It may be noted that small amounts of alcohol, in individuals who are unaccustomed to alcoholic beverages, may produce a prompt but transient rise in the pulse rate

due to psychic reaction. In occasional drinkers there may be a slight increase in rate from fifteen to thirty minutes after ingestion. This acceleration does not appear to be due to psychic factors. These findings were reported after experiments by Grollman.

Pupils—are either sluggish in reaction to light or are fixed. Alcohol in the system causes an impairment of the muscular action of the muscles controlling the pupils.

Romberg Sign—When the accused is directed to stand erect with both feet together and close the eyes, he is liable to sway or even fall if not assisted. Alcohol causes the loss of equilibrium when the eyes are closed with the body erect.

Walking a straight line—We have the prisoner attempt to walk for some distance, a straight line, with the toe touching the heel with each step. Depending upon the degree of intoxication rests the success of the accused in this test. It is obvious it will not require much alcohol intake, to cause unfavorable reaction to this test.

Touch nose with tip of finger — We require the prisoner to stand erect with the arm extended at right angles to the body, the index finger pointing. With the eyes closed we instruct him to touch the tip of the nose with the tip of the pointing finger. First one hand, then the other. The results are often amusing.

Telling the time—We show the accused a watch with the request for the time. From correct answers,

to errors from an hour or more result.

General appearance—We note the appearance of the accused, the arrangement of his clothing, his excitability, his calmness, his tone of voice.

Odor of liquor on breath—This may vary from a saturated breath to a faint odor. The mere odor of liquor on the breath does not constitute enough to cause us to pronounce the accused "under the influence."

By the same token, neither one, or possibly more of the above described tests when found positive, would cause us to say the prisoner is under the influence. When the majority are positive and there are no systemic or disease conditions, which could cause comparable symptoms, we pronounce the accused, "under the influence of intoxicating liquor."

As Police Surgeons we always make sure, as far as possible, the prisoner is not suffering with any illness, acute or chronic.

When the examination is finished we return to the Sergeant's office where we sign several police forms, indicating whether the accused is pronounced sober or "under the influence of intoxicating liquor." If pronounced, he is fingerprinted.

During our examination we take into consideration certain physical conditions which may simulate intoxication. In accidents where a person has been traumatised, drowsiness, stupor or coma cannot always attributable to alcoholism even with

the odor of alcohol on the breath. There may be present in such cases, cerebral concussion, skull fracture, brain laceration, extradural hemorrhage or subdural hematoma. A person taking atropine would have dilated fixed pupils. Therefore an alcoholic breath with fixed pupils under such a condition should be studied before a decision is reached.

The seriousness of what may happen in the path of the drinking driver, ranges all the way from the driver who is apprehended simply because the police officer observes his zig-zag course, to the charge of manslaughter. In Pennsylvania in 1939, 1612 "drunken drivers" were arrested. Fifty-five people were killed, 730 injured, and there were 827 instances of property damage as result of the intoxicated Chauffeur. In 1939 in Philadelphia our Police Surgeons examined 799 accused drivers; 601 were pronounced under the influence, 484 tried by the courts, 325 convicted and 159 acquitted.

III

The "drunken driver" has under his mis-control a weapon far more dangerous than a club, black jack or pistol. He races through our streets with a fine piece of mechanism, which in his hands becomes a deadly weapon of several hundred pounds. Something must be done to curb him. We must organize citizen groups to prevent drinking while driving. In Philadelphia such an organization has been recently organized. It is called the "Vigilantes." This organization is dedicated to preventing those who drink from driving.

Since it is a fact many offenders are found among the youth it is my firm conviction, parents are largely responsible for much of our drunken driving. Too many homes encourage the drinking of alcoholic beverages by those of tender years. A gay party is given by the Mother for her young daughter. Scores of young friends are invited. They come by automobile. Liquor flows during the evening. The party over, with fond "good night" these alcohol laden youths take the wheel and start out in all innocence, for home. What so often happens, only those of us concerned with their apprehension and subsequent examination can fully understand.

There must be a home awakening by parents. Those domiciles, in all too many cases just houses and not homes, must be brought back to the sanctity that once upon a time enveloped and blessed the real home.

Every organization interested in helping people live longer and better, should start at once a campaign of education of all the people, against the heartaches and misery so often resulting, when the drinking driver attempts to drive.

—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE BOOK

"I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance by faith, and you will live and die a better man."

—Abraham Lincoln

MISSING BUT ACCOUNTED FOR

By CHARLES E. STEWART



CHARLES E. STEWART

When 1857 had finished its work on Canadian soil in the Province of Canada of Ontario, numbered among its accomplishments was the presenting to the world of a frail youngster to be baptized in the British Methodist Episcopal Church as John Albert Johnson. Like all other children of his ilk and sort, he soon began his performances about the modest little house of his birth while his dyed-in-the-wool old fashioned parentage took good care to rear him to the custom of the manor and see that his conduct had the touch of the exemplary. In their absences however, this child of hope performed like any other frisky prankster using great wisdom to not be discovered when he discarded the good-behavior pattern.

His early school days were of the normal variety, some lessons learned, others bore the marks of the

slight of touch. As manhood made inroads upon his growth, his mind took to the more scientific and he enrolled at the University of Toronto as a student of medicine. How he enjoyed his studies, probing into tissue and bone structure, discovering the behavior of blood stream and cell! Wondering how such an assortment could all come about as a working unit without man being able to duplicate it all in the laboratory! Studiously he pursued his studies with the dreams of a medical-practice taking shape in his now fertile and anxious mind.

Unseen forces were drifting him into the practice of attending church and before he knew really what was happening to him, he was the subject of one of those old-fashioned conversions of which the church was famous. That conversion of mind and spirit swept from his mentality the cob-webs of uncertainty and projected his spiritual outlook toward a new "LIVING FORCE." He hesitated momentarily and then looked toward the studiousness of the theologian and philosopher. Test tubes lost their glitter, tissue and bones were not as anxious to deliver their secrets to his probing and the mystifying experiences of science were for the moment, given over to a study of the wonders of a new-found heart and soul yearning, for a touch of the "Hem of the garments," for complete healing of the thinking routine.

He became a Minister of the Gospel. Could he preach? Don't in-

quire other than to ask anyone who ever heard him when he would forget self and speak the verily wording of heavenly lore, until the pulpit trembled and the hearers sat spiritually enthralled. He not only could preach, but he simplified the theological thinking of the orthodox language and became a diacritical expert on the Life of Saint Paul. John Albert Johnson was spiritual to his Lord's command to the point where his character and integrity were unassailable. He became the thinker, theologian, philosopher, and a spiritualized gentleman. He was the scholar for the city's influences and the gospel-friend to his parishoners.

I

By now, Paul and Silas have doubtless learned along the shores of immortality, of the friendship of Johnson and Coppin. It was Bishop Levi Jenkins Coppin who lived "just around the corner" in Philadelphia. Johnson would take the coat off his own back to give comfort to a way-faring needy minister and if "John Albert" did not give it, when his back was turned his "Minnie" would find the coat and give it.

Sit quietly in Johnson's library and hear him musingly deliver! Marvellous mind and soul! Find Johnson and Coppin together in Coppin's fine library and hear them debatingly go over doctrine, or polity, or the spirit of the Church. So revealing and intellectually done! Visit at the home of Johnson when he and Minnie were in playful mood with their two sons, Percy and Roland, one to become a dentist, the

other a physician. Watch paternal love being distilled in two hearts while the blessings of God formed a welding influence which made them one. Visit "friend" Bishop John Albert Johnson and he makes you so welcome that hospitality spills over the table set before even the most humble and you will gasp in wonder at such graciousness on the part of the Bishop. Was he beloved? Oh, so much and by all walks of life.

Now, Bishop John Albert Johnson, (elected 1908—Norfolk, Virginia) is assigned to South Africa where he stayed and worked uncomplainingly for eight long years, to amplify the work so ably begun by Turner and Coppin. When he sat before the Episcopal Committee at the end of eight years, and was asked where he wished to be assigned, he said, "I think I should return to South Africa since those people need me." (His wife was too feeble for such a trip.) When that committee did not return him to S. Africa but assigned him to the Second Episcopal District in America, he immediately went to the Department and returned to the Secretary \$10,000.00 of unused funds entrusted to him, with the statement, "the work I was to do with this is to be done by another, so I return it to you." He also gave a full accounting of all funds sent to him and returned all unused monies to their origin.

His "Minnie" was a little, (85 pounds) short, frail, loveable body who stayed at home, sickly during Johnson's absence in Africa, but made that home a center of wholesome loveliness for the two boys and

the return of her husband from the foreign soil. Patiently she awaited his return, a letter coming in almost every day telling of his love and work.

Bishop John Albert Johnson was every inch of mind and soul an Episcopal Father to the ministry fortunate to serve under his kindly leadership. If you brought him "news" about a brother minister, he would send for that brother and ask you to make your statement in his presence, nothing behind his back. If he did a minister a wrong because of ill-advice, he would publicly acknowledge the wrong and right it at the first opportunity. If he told you something, it was the truth. When he loved, it was with all his heart. If he was to preach for you, you did not need to advertise his coming, just announce it, the people would be there to hear him. He was not sensational; he was phenomenally spiritually uplifting and left you feeling to be in a "PRES-ENCE" of holiness and love. When he had finished a sermon, you felt like falling on your knees before God in abject unworthiness and humility. He was not a "showman," he was a spiritual and mental enlargement. He gave his very life to his church without asking for fee or emolument as necessary to his presence or work performed.

II

One morning, it was 1928, when he returned from the market-place, his body discovered suddenly that it could take no more of life's travails. Within a few moments he was numbered with the immortals. The shock of this passing reached the shores of

Africa where natives stood still to let the tears take their course. The church in America wondered if another of his graciousness, scholarship, love, friendship, kindness and pulpit wonder would ever be born to take his place. The lips that had never given an ORDER but only told the NEEDS and the church would come to his voice with the amount, was now stilled HERE to rejoice THERE.

No one was ever ashamed of Bishop John Albert Johnson who was master of the platform with corresponding poise and dignity while his life was ordered of his Lord whom he dearly loved and served. He was always the gentleman and never abused even when sorely tried.

As his weary body lay before the Altar he loved, the sermon completed, soft music wafting tenderly, the throng loaned eyes of love toward the form, then, all momentarily was deathly still. That little "Minnie" whom everyone expected to be unable to stand the strain, who had been nursed back to health many times by his untiring love and devotion, who was being carefully watched by her physician-son, arose from her seat, went alone to that silent dust, took a small pink blanket, deliberately unfolded it, and with her bony, skinny fingers, slowly "tucked him in for eternal rest." As she stood there in prayerful silence, she said, (quietly to be sure) "I will soon join you, Albert." Somewhere, from that mystical "out there" he heard her voice and perhaps waited, for within a few short weeks, after completing "some

things" she too went to sleep. Doubtless the two, Minnie and Albert, loving husband and tender wife, entered glory together. "Minnie and Albert" now are actively comfortable in that Kingdom where sainthood is given to those who have been faithful over these few things,

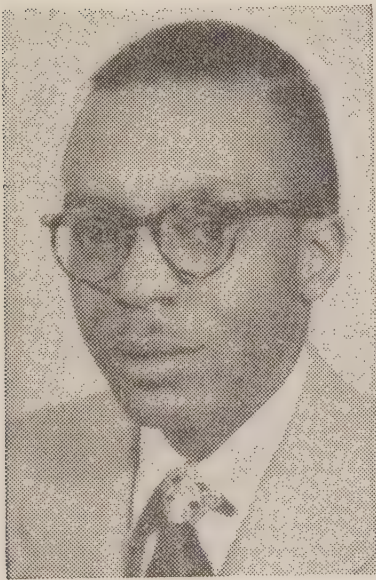
and where "Cop and Fannie," that marvellous exegete of the New Testament, have joined Minnie and Albert in a new found spiritual-love-embrace which is eternal.

Israel African M. E.
Church
Albany, New York

THE NEED OF TRAINED RELIGIOUS WORKERS

Through the Eyes of a Religious Worker

By J. CASTINA JACKSON



J. CASTINA JACKSON

In the age in which we live, thoughtful men are realizing more and more that science and technology are not enough to save our world. The truth of the matter is that material progress has far outstripped moral and spiritual progress. Man is smarter than he is

good. Man's head is bigger than his heart. Now as never before in the history of man we have the tools and the methods which make it possible for all people to live abundantly. Yet in our day we are confronted with hatred, violence, social upheaval and the fear of war.

It is the passionate belief of our best religious leaders that vital Christianity has a message for our modern, confused world. They believe that the Christian message has the power to purify and enrich the lives of men and to set in motion forces that are designed to transform the institutions of modern life so that they may serve rather than enslave mankind.

The task then of the church today is to separate that which is local and temporary from that which is universal and abiding and to relate to contemporary need in an effective fashion those vital elements of truth which God has made known. The church today needs to affect society in at least two major ways. First, it should function as a means of social control. It

should impart religious sanction to those standards of conduct that are taught in the Christian ethic. In this way the church is careful to conserve values inherited from the past and thus resists radical social reconstruction designed to ignore the sovereignty of God. On the other hand the church should be a significant factor in social change. It should produce prophetic personalities; men and women of ethical insight and good will; men and women who disturb the "status quo." It is the task of the church today to undertake to relate ethical principles and convictions to all of the vital issues of contemporary living.

But how can the church travel in this way without a preacher, and how can the preacher lead in this way unless he knows the way? How can the church travel in this way without effective religious workers, and how can religious workers lead this way unless they know the way? The answers to these questions say that trained religious workers are important.

A trained ministry is a must for a church that is to make a noteworthy contribution to the community and the Kingdom. You have heard it said that a tack will go no further than its head will let it. It appears that in like manner a church will go no further than its preacher's head and heart will let it.

Not only do experience and history and good sense tell us that a trained ministry is important, but the Bible says, "study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,

rightly dividing the word of truth." This admonition was to a preacher. The young man was urged to study, to prepare, to get some training so that he might properly and adequately distinguish between truth and error. He was to study and so know his work that he would not be ashamed of an examination of his method, or his work. And not only here, but everywhere in the Bible we see pointed up the importance of training and preparation for God's work. This heresy of trying to do "Kingdom Work" without preparation for the work is certainly a post-biblical development. Nowhere does the Bible advise anybody to go anywhere to do anything—without first making preparation. This matter of playing up ignorance and glorifying the lack of preparation runs counter to the teachings of the Bible.

In II Cor. 3:6 where Paul said that "the letter killeth" *he was not* saying that ministerial training is detrimental to spirituality. He was not voicing his opposition to "book learning." He was saying that just trying to keep the Law—the Ten Commandments—leads to the death of the soul, but the thing that gives life to the soul is the Spirit of God. He was saying that one can keep the Law, letter by letter, dot every "I" and cross every "T" and still fail to be in fellowship with God.

Again in Romans 10:14 where Paul says, "How can they hear without a preacher and how can they preach unless they be sent"? — *he was not* talking about the "call" to preach. Certainly, the preacher, the real minister, has to

be sent of God, but Paul was not talking about that here. Here Paul was arguing for the evangelization of the heathen as against the jealous reserve of Pharisaic Judaism. He was saying that somebody has to send missionaries. Somebody has to pay their way to mission fields. Somebody has to send them to preach to heathens. To quote Paul to justify ignorance is of no avail for Paul knew that the call to preach is a call to preparation first. Again I say—this matter of playing up ignorance and glorifying the lack of preparation for the work of the Christ and His Church runs counter to the teachings of the Bible.

On the other hand, the matter of playing up training at the expense of moral and spiritual preparation is unChristian and misleading. Schools do not make preachers. Preachers make schools. The religious worker needs to be prepared scholastically and spiritually. One is no good without the other and one does not necessarily rule out the other. It is a "both-and" situation.

At this point it may be interesting to observe that the standards of the seminaries for Negroes have been too frequently lower than those of college departments. Many times the theological departments have appeared to be the dumping grounds for those students whose mental and personal equipment have been too limited to allow them success in fields where the competition was greater.

Maybe a few figures will indicate the great need for trained religious workers in the church. Among the three largest Negro denominations,

79 per cent of the ministers are not graduates of either college or seminary. Eleven-hundred well-trained Negro ministers are needed annually to fill vacancies in various denominations. Yet only about 100 Negro Bachelors of Divinity are being graduated annually. This is to say that in a typical year only one Negro minister is graduated for every 157 Negro churches, or one man for 65,800 Negro church members. Less than a dozen professional lay workers are graduated from Negro colleges and seminaries annually. Less than 3 per cent of the Negro churches in America have full-time, or part-time professionally trained religious workers. Many churches have so-called "Directors of Religious Education," but in most cases these "Directors" are not qualified for the jobs they hold.

The church from the standpoint of the number and diversity of persons touched, the purposes and ideals served, and the moral and spiritual values it seeks to realize, is an important educational agency. In order that the church may be effective in its work of education it is necessary that the church will have in positions of leadership — persons who are trained to do the work.

Dr. John W. Coleman, Dean of the Oklahoma School of Religion, Langston, Oklahoma, has made a study of the Criteria for Evaluating a Program of Education for Professional Workers in Churches. Dr. Coleman recommends for pastors a college education, plus the three year seminary course for the B.D. degree. In these seven years of

preparation the minister should have learning experiences in the basic teachings of the Christian religion; the ancient languages associated with Bible study; church history; theological and extra-biblical materials important in the development of theology; practical theology; religious education and general education, including such studies as political science, economics, literature, composition, rhetoric, music, sociology, psychology, mathematics, etc.

For Directors of Religious Education Dr. Coleman's study recommends college graduation, plus two years for the M. R. E. degree. The course of study recommended for Directors of Religious Education is virtually the same as that recommended for pastors.

Further, Dr. Coleman's study recommends for professional church teachers the M. A. degree with a major in religious education.

Well, that's where we need to go. You already know where we are. How then can we move toward where we ought to be? I have a few suggestions.

I. Stop glorifying ignorance and began stressing scholarship. Acting pious and looking holy is all right in prayer meeting, but acting pious and looking holy doesn't necessarily contribute to any of the objectives of Christian education. We often go out unprepared for a task claiming that we are "standing on the promises of God" when the truth of the matter is that we are sitting on the premises.

II. See to it that our church-supported colleges and seminaries

provide a level of training on par with the highest standards set by America's best colleges and seminaries. Our young people should not be required to attend a denominational school unless our denominational schools can provide them with a first-class education. Loyalty is one thing, but getting ill-fitted for life is another.

III. Encourage only the best minds to pursue work in religion with the view to become pastors and directors of religious education. The leadership of the church today cannot afford to be left in the hands of people with average minds and mediocre skills.

IV. Ordain, assign, and hire only those persons who are qualified scholastically and morally. We have too many religious butchers—cutting up and hacking up the Good News about Christ. Probably the most dangerous man in the world is an ill-informed teacher of religion. And if he has a radio program, I know he is the most dangerous man in the world.

V. Make the ministry so attractive that prospective ministers will have no doubts about receiving a comfortable livelihood and fair compensation for their labors.

Formal training, supervised study, disciplined preparation is important, very important . . . the more the better. Yet everybody did not have the opportunity for formal training in colleges and seminaries. But there is absolutely no excuse for the lack of informal training, through private study, reading, attendance and participation in learning situations.

—Tulsa, Oklahoma

ARMED PARSON

By TIM E. MCCARTHY

In the perilous days of our frontier development with its manifold dangers; in our several wars, major and minor; in the experience of our countless and undaunted missionaries who penetrated the nethermost spheres of the orbit, we have not read, in those annals of the men of the cloth, the clergy, being armed, carrying a weapon of offense or defense.

But our subject, a guard for the General Services Administration in Washington, D. C., is an ordained minister of the Gospel, and is armed, naturally to officiate in such a role. He carries a "38" in his holster and makes quite a formidable appearance in uniform.

He is Rev. Ulysses S. Grant Edwards, a native Washingtonian, and does not seem to be provoked at the idea of carrying a side arm for protection for himself, government property and the several hundred men and women who are under his care at the Temporary 8 Building, situated on Newark St., N. W. in the Nation's capital.

No student of history should be unduly alarmed at a "U. S. Grant" having a tinge of the military about him, or even of being armed.

Rev. Edwards, who is now 66 years of age, received his early education in the Washington, D. C. schools, particularly in what was known in his youth as the "M" Street High School, now obsolete. He later entered Howard University for higher training in theology. Simultane-

ously he prepared for a Civil Service examination as mail carrier and received an appointment through his marks.

He has been in and out of government work ever since, but mostly "in." Also he has been active in various activities in ministerial work for two score years and has served on important boards and committees.

Mr. Edwards was ordained to the ministry of the African M. E. Church of the Baltimore Conference at its session held in Washington in 1908. His initial assignment was at Frederick County, Md. Later he accepted a call to Smithfield, N. C., which is the home state of his parents. He labored there for over a decade.

His father was a native Carolinian named John Ingersoll Edwards, who followed the occupation of steward at the large hotels on the seaboard. His mother was one of the Princesses of the Cherokee Tribe of Indiana and her maiden name was Sara Weaver Roberts.

Later he returned to Washington and filled in several pastorates in the National Capital and surrounding areas and one in West Virginia.

During World War I, Rev. Edwards was a member of a group of ministers ready to sail for overseas as chaplains when the Armistice abrogated the move.

After the War he returned to Government work in Washington to augment his ministerial salary

which was never very adequate, he states. He served as clerk, typist, and annotator for the Recorder of Deeds of D. C., F. B. I., the Department of Commerce, and Department of Agriculture and the Library of Congress, not desiring to return to his former mail route then. While the above may appear like a lot of assignments for one person, it pales into insignificance at the speed with which our Government "Gerties" are today being assigned and transferred.

Rev. Edwards is very well known in and around D. C. He is a member of both Baltimore and Washington M. E. Conferences, is a 33rd Degree Mason and a member of its affiliated branches; the Odd Fellows, the Elks, the Order of the Covenant, A Centurion and Charter Member in the Mayan Explorers Group Expedition, San Cristobala, Chiapas, Mexico, the National Travel Club and some others. Therefore, he might be considered a "joiner." Well, he does like association with people.

Relinquishing his clerical duties in the late thirties, Preacher Edwards transferred to the General Services Administration by which organization he is now employed in the capacity of guard and policeman.

He is a pleasing and fluent conversationalist and is highly respected by the attaches and superiors. He is extremely courteous to the hundreds of strangers who come to government buildings in quest of information to which they are entitled.

As a minister carrying a weapon, Rev. Edwards goes about his tasks

totally oblivious to that end of his work, and he is seldom obliged to resort to use of the weapon in his daily or nightly itinerary.

At 66 he is in good health and expects to remain in government service until he reaches the 70 year compulsory retirement age. As to his preaching expectations he expects to remain in the work to which he has dedicated his life, as long as the Lord gives him the breath of life.

At present, Rev. Edwards holds no regular pastorate but fills in at numerous engagements in and around the capital area when his assigned government tour does not preclude such.

Asked about the most unique experience he remembers in his long ministerial career, Rev. Edwards spoke of Sister Elsie who seemed to have had a cure for epilepsy. People flocked to her from all sections and as she prayed over them and invoked Divine assistance, they invariably went away improved or cured. Concluding, Rev. Edwards said:

"Had Sister Elsie been a Catholic, I am sure measures would have been taken to have her beatified, for her innumerable cures surely reflected the power of the Lord."

—Washington, D. C.

Life is a moment between two eternities, influenced by all that has preceded, and to influence all that follows. The only way to illumine it is by extent of the view.

—William Ellery Channing

ONE IN CHRIST JESUS

By KATE ROBINSON

"In Christ there is no East nor West, In Him no South or North."

In the heart of Piedmont, North Carolina there is a church and a people who believe this—a people who believe that segregation is a sin against God.

Brookford, lying on the outskirts of Hickory, is a prosperous mill village. Only a few years ago race prejudice ran so high that a Negro dared not go into the village for fear of being molested. By years of untiring efforts on the part of the pastor of Brookford Baptist Church this situation has been greatly changed. Doubtless this church has become the only interracial church in North Carolina and perhaps the only one in the South. The church choir of about thirty in number, is composed of both white and Negro members and directed by a lovely Negro girl.

Born in poverty more than a half century ago, the pastor, Rev. W. C. Laney has overcome many handicaps and withstood much opposition to bring his church to its present status. When he was eight years old, he was placed in a cotton mill to help earn his livelihood and support his family. Until he was twenty-four years old he had no formal education. After his conversion he could not fight off the call of God to enter the ministry. Realizing his handicapped condition, he left home and enrolled in the first grade at South Mountain. In many ways he is still handicapped, but he has followed the call of God and has been able to accomplish mighty and wondrous things for him.

At the beginning of his ministry, Rev. Mr. Laney was prejudiced and felt no great concern for his Negro neighbors. After he had preached for many years, he had what he calls a new revelation. At a ministerial conference God spoke to him in a very forceful way through the sermon of a fellow preacher. What the preacher said did not appeal to him in any way. He was seething inside and left the meeting confused and burdened. He walked a few blocks and stopped on a bridge and became still long enough for God to speak to him. Aloud he said to himself, "If what this man preaches is true, I am everlastingly wrong. There is too much difference between us." Suddenly a whole new world opened up to him. God revealed to him that He is the God of *all* people and that for the remaining days of his life he had an obligation to his fellowman. Like Paul of old "He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He returned to his church to preach that God is Love. For many years he has worked at his task unceasingly. Many times the temptation to give up has been almost overwhelming, but there is always the assurance that he is working under Divine Leadership. The results of his preaching—and his living—have been amazing.

One of the first things to be done was the beginning of what — for lack of a better name—is called a Fellowship Meeting. Twice each year invitations go out to more than a hundred white and Negro minis-

ters throughout the state. Many ignore the invitations, but those who respond enjoy for three days a fellowship unlike that found anywhere else. White and Negro sit together in worship and at mealtime. Meals are served in the church, and classrooms are made into temporary bedrooms. Mornings and afternoons are used for conferences and the evenings are given over to inspirational speakers. All who attend leave with the feeling that "surely God is in this place."

Another venture has been the contacting of Negro principals and teachers in the schools of the surrounding counties. In the Fall and in the Spring the school officials, along with many others, are invited for a day of fellowship. The most recent of these was October 23. By the break of day Rev. Mr. Laney was up and preparing for the day. All must be in readiness for his honor guests. By ten o'clock they are arriving in great numbers. The program was arranged and directed by the choir director, while Rev. Mr. Laney found an obscure place in the background. He was busy seeing that every guest was made to feel at ease. Racial barriers vanished, prejudice was forgotten and all people worshiped in oneness. From the singing of the hymn "He Leadeth Me" a feeling of unity permeated the sanctuary. Dr. Grady D. Davis, Dean of Theology, Shaw University, brought a dynamic message the heart of which was, "United we stand, divided we fall. Either we stand together or we fall apart." The congregation, half white and half Negro, was greatly moved.

During the noon hour while everyone was enjoying a bounteous

meal together, many were heard to express their feeling. Those who were there for the first time admitted that they were a little skeptical on arrival, but once they were received with such friendliness, they felt entirely free. An old Negro man said, "I am thankful that I have lived to see a day when my people can be received by white people with such kindness." A Negro lady remarked that a meeting of this type shows that we can get along with any people regardless of color. When a young girl was asked if she wanted to come back again, she unhesitatingly said, "You bet your life." For a few hours old and young alike enjoyed freedom of worship in a white church, many for the first time in their lives.

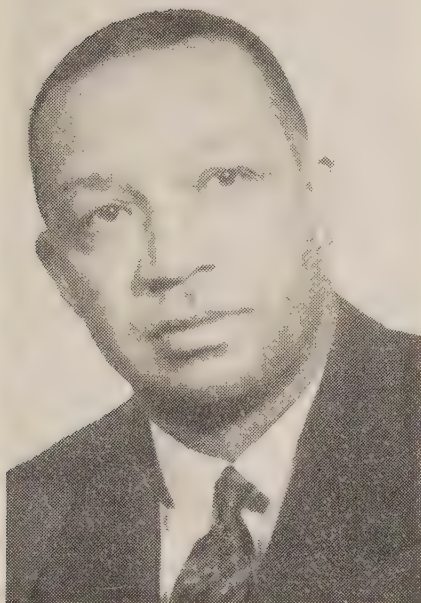
As a climax to a day of perfect fellowship, the baptismal pool was opened and an interracial baptism and right hand of fellowship was held. Two candidates were buried in baptism by Rev. J. J. Alexander, Pastor of Friendship Negro Baptist Church in Hickory. Not a person in the audience was conscious of race or color, but felt in truth that "In Christ there is no East nor West."

Pastor Laney and his good people are to be commended for the great work in which they are pioneering. They can sing with mighty power "Lord I want to be a Christian," and they can pray in sincerity, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done," Because they are doing a work which will eventually bring this about.

—China Grove, N. C.

O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH

By J. L. PATTON, JR.



J. L. PATTON, JR.

As a layman of the AME Church, I am deeply concerned over the future of our church. The basis of my deep concern is found in two specific areas: The first of these, I should say, is progress. In many respects we are moving forward and modernizing our program and our plants. This progress involves air conditioned auditoriums, parking areas, pipe organs, and the like.

I wonder if it would not be well to make a study of those things that we have lost because of this progress. A study of those qualities that have enabled us to endure and overcome may reveal some surprises.

And yet we must find a way to carry over these old virtues into our new, modernized program. There is no substitute for them.

My second fear is for the area of administration. I do not believe that the laymen of the Tenth Episcopal District have the slightest concept of the potential ability and leadership of our distinguished Bishop Joseph Gomez. We have hardly allowed our Bishop to release his total energies in the administration of the affairs of our churches. It is amazing that he has accomplished as much as he has when, through a disrespect for established disciplines of our church, we have kept him in court as much as we have permitted him to occupy the pulpit in his efforts to enforce them.

America was founded on the principle of the separation of the church and the state. It seems that some AMEs are trying to put the control of our church back into the hands of our state government. Ours is not a democratic institution; it is a spiritual institution.

We find no record to indicate that Jesus ever reached a decision by the use of the democratic process. Jesus never settled an issue by majority vote. The courts belong to the people; the churches belong to God. Let's keep the control where it belongs.

It is with these thoughts in mind that I have selected as my subject today, O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH.

As we know, a rampart is a fortress, a bulwark, and is the last line of defense of the things in life that we hold dear and precious. These ramparts must be guarded and protected.

The Methodist Church has, for centuries, been both a physical and spiritual rampart in the history of the development of past and contemporary mankind. The Methodist Church has always been a militant church and has guarded the ramparts. As a layman of Methodism, I do hope that time will prove most of my fears unfounded and ungrounded.

A brief look into the history of Methodism will lead us back to the days of John and Charles Wesley and will prove that Methodists do indeed guard the ramparts. These two men were students at Oxford University in England and formed a religious study club that, because of the devoutness of the members and their consecrated dedication to the cause of Christianity, became the object of ridicule by members of the other organizations on the campus. The club to which the Wesleys belonged was referred to by various epithets designed to embarrass and discredit the members of the organization such as "God's Club," "The Holy Club," "Bible Bigots."

Because they adopted a systematic method of interpreting the scriptures, some one called them Methodists and that name has followed the members of this sect down through the ages and into the present day.

From the members of this study club, there emerged three great

preachers Charles Wesley, John Wesley, and George Whitfield. They began to preach in England and to conduct revivals that were so successful that their fame spread throughout England and even into the new country, America. It seemed as if the whole of England was awaiting a religious revival and the reception accorded them was similar to that accorded the Evangelist Billy Graham.

At this time in the history of America, James Oglethorpe was experiencing great difficulty in trying to settle what later became known as the state of Georgia. All of his efforts ended with pillage and plunder; the forts and block houses were burned to the ground by hostile Indians who populated that section of our country. Oglethorpe had appealed to neighboring colonies for protection, but the Indians were so barbarous that even the combined colonies were cautious and hesitant of coming to the rescue. Oglethorpe fighting back; he tried diplomacy; he tried making treaties; but neither guns nor treaties could turn the tide of hostilities against the colonists. The marauders continued to murder the settlers and engage in warfare.

Oglethorpe became discouraged and dismayed. He decided to give up the idea of settling in Georgia and, just when he was on the brink of failure and defeat, he accidentally heard of these famous Methodist evangelists. Since warfare had failed; diplomacy and treaties had been invalidated; as a last resort and with nothing more to lose, Oglethorpe decided to use Methodism on these hos-

tile Indians. He invited Charles and John Wesley and George Whitfield to come to Georgia to conduct a revival and try to convert these Indians to Christianity.

Fortunately the evangelists could accept the invitation, and their success was overwhelming. The Indians were converted and became peaceful; they became friends and co-workers with the colonists and the territory became known as Georgia and was firmly established as one of the original thirteen states of the United States with Oglethorpe as its founder.

We hope that Methodism will not be blamed for all that has come into being in Georgia, for I do not believe that they had in mind such a man as Herman Talmadge when they worked so hard for the establishment of this colony.

Here we have Methodism guarding the rampart of human and civil liberties. The strong Methodist men of that period watched faithfully over the ramparts; they kept vigil; they never once fell asleep; they met the demands of the times with all of the resources at their command; they made the sacrifices necessary *and success was theirs*.

Later on in the history of colonial America, we find in the state of Delaware, a brilliant Negro slave named Richard Allen who had heard and obeyed God's call to service. His greatest ambition was to become a Christian minister. Allen was so dedicated to the cause of Christ that he was granted spiritual power sufficient to convert his master, a Mr. Stokley.

After his conversion to Christ, his owner was further convinced that he could no longer be a Christian and a slave owner as the two were not remotely related and to be one automatically discredited all possibility of being the other. Mr. Stokley was converted to such deep religious convictions that he elected to hold on to Christ and free his slaves. It was in this manner that Richard Allen and his family gained their freedom; this was, indeed, an act of God.

After he was freed, Allen studied diligently and improved himself so that he finally achieved his aim to become a Methodist Episcopal minister. His fame as a minister was widespread and, upon reaching adulthood, Allen was made pastor of St. George Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was quite successful and his preaching drew in great throngs of people.

St. George was organized as a white church, but, in those early days, Negroes and whites worshipped together. Segregation and discrimination reared its ugly head at this point, however, and appeared in the Christian churches of America. This invasion by segregation and discrimination would not have happened except for the fact that some one fell asleep while watching o'er the ramparts of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Allen's preaching drew so many white persons to the church that someone finally conceived the idea that it would be better if Negroes were made to sit in the church balcony. Absalom Jones, another Negro

preacher, was pulled up from his knees by dissenting whites as he knelt in prayer as they did not want a Negro to pray for the salvation of the souls of the whites.

Richard Allen declared that this insult was the last straw and the last act of racial intolerance that he could face and suffer; his endurance had come to an end; so, together with a group of Negro Methodists who were members of this church, Allen led the march from the building and, en masse, they withdrew to a blacksmith shop in Philadelphia and there Allen founded the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the first church in America with an all-Negro congregation. This church was called Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church, as Bethel means a place where men can do business with God.

That these men could and did talk to God is evidenced by the fact that African Methodist Episcopal Churches are still in evidence and there is no indication that they will ever disappear from the religious scene.

Thus we can see that the Methodist Church in America has always been a riot squad for the preservation of human rights; it has always been a rampart for human freedom. When we think of the great fame of the NAACP today, we must remember that the AME Church preceded this group by one hundred years in standing up for the dignity and sacredness of human personality.

Naturally it became necessary for Allen to call a conference of the

AME Churches and many believe that Allen was the first elected Bishop. This is not true. The first African Methodist Episcopal Bishop to be elected was Allen's co-worker, Daniel Coker, who was duly elected and served for one day. Realizing that Allen had made great sacrifices for the church, that he had kept fighting valiantly, that he had championed the cause of a free Negro church, Coker served for just one day and resigned in favor of Allen as he considered his election an injustice to Allen in the light of his activities. Allen became the first ordained Bishop, but he was not the first duly elected Bishop.

Could such a thing happen in the General AME Conference today? Do we still have men who guard the ramparts of spiritual justice? Would our men guard the ramparts to that extent?

From the view point of a layman, it seems as if the present day African Methodist Episcopal Church has lost much of the vigor and earnestness and devotion to Christian convictions that the early African Methodist Episcopal Church once had.

It has been my good fortune to visit numerous AME Churches, and I have become alarmed and dismayed at the vast number of empty seats that stare the pulpit in the face in most of them. Nationwide, we find thousands who claim membership in the AME Church, but it appears as if we have developed more of an alumni group than a functional, vigorous church membership. There are many to whom African Methodism represents their childhood training. There are many

who seem to have graduated from the church and its activities, yet they still hold its teachings sacred. They know that we have the ramparts still, but they do not care to stand watch.

There was once a Chaplain in the army who was conducting a spiritual service among the men of his company. He asked the group of soldiers what religion meant to each of them. Many soldiers expressed themselves on the subject and there was one, a professional gambler, who continued to raise his hand.

The Chaplain was reluctant to hear the gambler's expression for he doubted that such a man could have a concept of religion. Finally, however, he had to call on the gambler. The gambler rose to his feet and said, "Chaplain, in my language, religion is betting your life that there is a God."

The Chaplain was astounded with this all-inclusive, simple definition of religion and, twenty-five years later, after much research and study, he admitted that he had not been able to give a better one.

It seems as if there are fewer and fewer Methodist laymen who are willing to bet their lives that there is a God, and invest their fortunes to show that His church is worth supporting. The church of God is the last rampart of human decency and human freedom on which we can depend. Are we willing to stand watch o'er the ramparts?

The support of our churches has become burdensome now, and we seem to regard our church as an institution that provides good environ-

ment for funerals and weddings. The only time we boast of the support we give our church is when the time comes to make out our income tax returns. It is then and only then that we become tithers. We attempt to conjure up far more gifts than our personal records will disclose. We are generous April 15th, tithers.

When considering the fact that we do not support our churches, it would be well for us to remember the great Moslem general named Saladin who fought at the Battle of Acre against Richard the Lion-hearted during the Crusades. Saladin decreed that, at the time of his death, he should be buried in a specially constructed casket with his hands extended on the outside so that, even in death, he could show his survivors that his hands brought nothing into this world and surely they would carry nothing away. In short, Saladin was teaching that "You can't take it with you." And you can't.

The position of the AME Church today is very similar to the position of the Jews upon their freedom from the long seige of Babylonian captivity under the rule of Cyrus. They returned to Jerusalem, their holy city, and found it in ruins, but their hearts were filled with joy and their spirits were undaunted. They were filled with dreams and plans. Even the rubble of a once-proud city did not discourage them. They went about the task of rebuilding with great joy and enthusiasm, but their joy and enthusiasm seemed to run off along with their sweat. The longer they worked, the more discouraged they became, and they began to wish for the days of slavery again

as they reflected that slavery itself was easier than what they now had to do.

But just as the Jews were about to become demoralized, Isaiah felt the mood of his people and responded to it with tenderness and compassion. This great prophet realized that forty years of exile had taken much of the stamina and fortitude away from these people. He saw the walls of a city as they stood still battered and breeched in dozens of places. The Temple that had once been the pride of Zion remained merely a mass of timber and stone piled in a shapeless heap. The people were discouraged and the prophet Isaiah knew the burden of his task. Some how he must revive his people and renew their faith in the dream that had once been theirs.

Isaiah painted a picture of what could be called a panorama of the Holy City, Jerusalem, renewed in all its glory. Isaiah pictured the generations of the future as they would some day look back to their efforts and he said unto these discouraged, disheartened people: You will go on here and do your duty as God has given you the power to see your duty; unborn generations shall call you the repairers of the breach and the restorers of paths to dwell in; they shall call you blessed.

There, today, is the challenge of the AME's everywhere. Would you like to be in that number? The repairer of the breach and the restorer of the paths to dwell in. This can be achieved only by serving over and above the call of duty to watch o'er the ramparts.

The prophet Isaiah had no illusions. He did not minimize the task before them: he knew that it could not be done without the power of God.

Perhaps the lagging, faltering faith exemplified in the AME Church, is due to breeches that have been made in the walls of our faith, to disappointments and failures that we have witnessed on the part of our church representatives. Many of us, like those Jews who were released from captivity, come to our task in the church with zest and vigor; yet we allow some little incident, some little misunderstanding, drive us away from the ramparts o'er which we should watch. We allow our personal feelings and petty animosities to push and pull us away from the post that has been assigned to us. Not only are we failing ourselves and our friends, but we are failing God, for our talents and abilities are His gifts to us and the use that we make of them are our gifts to Him.

No doubt every luke-warm Christian has an excuse to offer for himself which, in his own opinion, justifies his neglect, his dereliction of duty, his failure to support the church. But are these reasons excuses or alibies?

Let us become repairers of the breach and restorers of the paths to dwell in. A fight can never be won from outside of the ring. If there are things that we do not like in our church, the breeches can never be repaired while we stand outside the church.

Needless gossip, criticism, bickering, and failure to support the fi-

nancial side of the church program will never restore the faith or repair the breach that is in the wall. Let us remember that a fist that is clenched so tight that nothing is ever released is also clinched too tightly to let anything get in.

Let us think of another wall that existed thousands of thousands of years and has never been penetrated. Let us think of the Wall of China. Isaiah sensed that the weakness that made the walls of Jerusalem vulnerable was not so much the weakness of the wall itself but was rather the weakness of the men who dwelt within the walls. So it is with the Wall of China.

The Wall of China stretched for 1500 miles along the north province of the nation. It was a colossal structure. It was there to provide a barrier to deter the progress of an enemy army, but the history of the wall will show that the wall has never stopped an outside aggressor or invader. It has only stopped the entrance of culture and has arrested the economic growth of the people within, and China has been invaded any number of times in spite of this wall.

It has never been necessary for any enemy to scale this wall, because somebody within the wall has always opened the gate to let the enemy pass. Somebody inside the walls could always be bought for a price.

In many respects, our church walls today have taken on the aspects of the Wall of China. Our churches are breached from the inside and not from the outside. If there is a deficit of devotion inside the walls,

building the walls is a waste of effort and time, and we spend our toils and treasures in vain. There must be devotion within the church, there must be consecrated service to the church in order for the church to stand.

Confessed sinners never do the church any harm. The harm and danger come from within the walls. I can say this much about sinners: If there is a group of confessed sinners on one side and a group of Christians on the other, one would never look among the confessed sinners for a hypocrite.

As Christians, we can never repair the breach or restore the paths to dwell in with a luke-warm Christianity. The Apostle Peter exemplifies the danger of the luke-warm Christian: the kind that is neither hot nor cold. In one instance, we find Peter walking on the water the same as Jesus Christ, and the next moment we find him sinking because of his lack of faith. Again we find Peter drawing his sword and smiting off the ear of the high priest's soldier who came to take Jesus away and, within the hour, we find Peter denying Christ.

Christ was in trouble then and, when Peter was pointed out as a follower of Christ's, he said, "I do not even know him."

The breach in the walls can neither be repaired nor can we restore the faith with a faltering, flagging course of action such as this.

1. To those who would make this day a day of high resolve, who are willing to come in and do their

share to make the AME Church stand for what it used to stand;

2. To those who are willing this day to support the leadership in the AME Church;

3. To those who want Methodism in this community to be as effective and consequential as other faiths so that one can claim Methodism without shame or apology;

4. To those who will accept the challenge of Isaiah to be repairers of the breech and restorers of the paths to dwell in:

First, we must repair the breeches that are in our own lives, that have been made from within, through hate, greed, malice, and envy. Our own feet must be restored to paths of righteousness from which we have allowed ourselves to be drawn. A consecrated James Weldon Johnson wrote: "Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee: Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee."

We cannot restore the breeches in our church and in our community; we cannot restore our friends and neighbors to paths to dwell in until we have done these same things in our own lives. I appeal to those who would be in that number that posterity will call repairers of the breech and restorers of the paths to dwell in:

It can only be done through a four-point Christianity that is exemplified by Ezekiel. Ezekiel reported that the hand of God was upon him, and he went into a trance and saw a vision. It seemed that there was a storm wind coming from out of the north in a cloud of fire that

was brighter than the sun with the color of amber in the midst of the sheen encircling it. Lightning was flashing and the thunder rolled as the cloud finally settled down on the ground before him. From this cloud stepped four creatures that appeared to have four sides, each side showing a face and wings. He said that the feet were straight and the sole was like that of a calf's foot, and they sparkled like the color of burnished brass and each of the four creatures had wings, and under their wings each had human hands.

The wings were joined to one another and they turned not when they went, and when they went, they went straightforward. As for their faces, in front there was the face of a man; at the left there was the face of a lion; at the right there was the face of an ox; behind there was the face of an eagle.

The wings stretched upward and revealed that, on the ground by each creature, there was a wheel the color of topaz. The rim and spokes of the wheels were made of human eyes and the hub was a whirlwind. When the creatures moved, the wheels moved. When the creatures stood still the wheels stood still, and in the middle of these creatures there were what appeared to be burning coals of fire like lamps, and out of the bright fire there came forth lightning.

Ezekiel said that there was a living spirit within these wheels and suddenly these creatures soared slowly toward the sky taking the wheels with them. As Ezekiel watched, the bodies of the creatures slowly disappeared leaving the

wheels suspended out in space supported by faith. The wheels were spinning as if they were propelled by a mighty wind and, as Ezekiel watched, they began to move and mesh one with the other without a sound of clash or friction for the spirit of God was in them. And, as the song writer has said, the big wheel moved by faith, the little wheel moved by the grace of God: a wheel in a wheel, a-way in the middle of the air.

These four creatures with four faces may be interpreted in the light of our present situation. There were the face of the lion, the face of the man, the face of the eagle, and the face of the ox. No doubt Ezekiel foresaw the coming of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. No doubt the presence of four faces with only one body represents the sum total of what each of the four writers thought of Christ our Savior, the Repairer of the breach and the Restorer of paths to dwell in.

The face of the man represents the gospel of Saint Matthew whose every conception of Jesus was that He was the Son of Man.

The lion face represents the gospel of Saint Mark who conceived of Christ our Savior as none other than a King to rule over heaven, earth, and hell, for the lion is the king of the forest and the symbol of sovereignty.

The ox face represents the gospel of Saint Luke who could conceive of Christ our Savior in no other terms than that of a Burden-bearer who came in to bear away the sins of the world, for the ox is a beast of burden.

The eagle face represents the gospel of Saint John. John did not write of Him as a King; John did not write of Him as a Burden-bearer. John conceived the idea that He was a God and, like the eagle, soared high above all other things.

The four-point Christian program which was mentioned previously carries out all of these implications:

1. The man face is the gospel of human relations—getting along with one another.

2. The lion face is the gospel of organization leadership. There must be one to direct and others to follow. How well can we follow?

3. The ox face is the gospel of work and labor. Are we willing to sacrifice ourselves and our time for the cause of Christ? To do so means work.

4. The eagle face is the gospel of divinity. It is a gospel of devotion, consecration, and dedication to high ideals.

These are the ramparts o'er which we watch.

—Dallas, Texas

OPPORTUNITY

OPPORTUNITY IS:

- . . . what the strong man makes for himself.
- . . . what the industrious man asks for.
- . . . what the lazy man dreams about.
- . . . what the weak man waits for.
- . . . what the wise man sees and makes the most of.

What Fifty Years in the Ministry Has Meant

By REV. G. H. JENKINS

As I write this message to my friends on the experience that has been mine in the Christian ministry,



Rev. G. H. Jenkins

it seems altogether impossible that I have spent fifty years in this wonderful calling. I have found this service for my Lord so wonderful and satisfying that I am happy to point out some of my deepest convictions.

I believed from the beginning that I could not be a minister without careful and thorough preparation. As I have been used of the Lord to lead other men to see the challenge of the ministry, I have always urged complete preparation. My "sons in the ministry" have brought great joy to me and I am sure to our Master also.

Young people have been a constant source of inspiration and challenge to me. I would urge every minister to see the great possibility of a total life of Christian service in his young people. The compensation of affection that young people give to a minister interested in them is one of life's greatest rewards.

I have enjoyed also the administrative work of my parishes. This is, of course, made rich because in it we are dealing with people and

not just schemes and plans. At times the administrative work of my denomination has seemed to beckon, but I have resisted such suggestions because I wished to live in closer touch with people. I have felt the constant call to build character, and the thought that I might live on, after I am gone, in the lives of others has been my deepest concern.

I have loved to preach and in these later years the crowning achievement of my preaching has been to tell how the Gospel of Jesus has worked in my own life and in the lives that I have witnessed. There is much more that I would say, but I can sum it all up by declaring: If I had many lives to live, I would hope to be a minister of Jesus Christ in each of them.

G. Horace Jenkins

The Rev. Jenkins was born in Lexington, Ky., July 1884. He was educated in the public schools of Cincinnati, Ohio, and State College, Louisville, Ky. Following his call to the ministry in 1905, Rev. Jenkins, desiring to prepare himself well for the Christian ministry, studied further at Howard University, Washington, D. C., where he graduated with a Bachelor of Divinity Degree. The Rev. Jenkins also holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Shorter College, Little Rock, Ark., and Wilberforce University.

His first pastorate was Virginia Chapel, Elkins, W. Va. Among the many churches he has pastored are: Wayman Chapel, New Brighton, Pa.; Calvary, Braddock, Pa.; Warren, Toledo, Ohio; Quinn Chapel, Louisville, Ky., and North St., Springfield, O.

Other accomplishments of this very outstanding minister in the AME Church have been published articles in the Wheeling Advocate, McDowell Times and the Goal. He has served as a trustee of Wilberforce University.

His wife, Georgia, is a native of Virginia. They have been married for forty-two years, and have a daughter, Mrs. Katherine Jenkins Ealy of Detroit, Mich.

The Negro Awaits Full Emancipation

By RABBI EDWARD E. KLEIN

"The case of Emmett Till in Mississippi is a grim reminder that the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the schools, magnificent as it was, did not automatically emancipate the American Negro. But it was the true America speaking. It was America spelling out the Biblical principle of equality. It was the articulate conscience of the world's greatest democracy, a moral norm proclaimed as law. Ours is the duty in North and South, by precept and example to embody that law in day-to-day action. There is resistance in the South ranging from evasion to open defiance. Nor can we in the North take to our souls the unction that our house is in order. Ghetto restrictions in housing in large cities in the North and their suburbs, still result in blighted neighborhoods, overcrowding, and the tensions that aggravate delinquency. It must be emphasized, too, that segregated housing means seg-

regated schools. Notable progress has been achieved in New York State and New York City by the enactment of legislation which prohibits discrimination in housing with FHA or other public assistance, but gentlemen's agreements still govern the rental and sale of apartments and houses under private auspices. Suburban areas still resist public housing as an invasion of racial, religious and social caste, and our cities have periferies of lily-white suburbs built with government assistance.

"Negroes are still stymied on the line of progression in employment by industry and in some cases by labor unions. When Negroes are hired throughout the country on the same basis as whites, at the same salaries and with the same opportunities for promotion, desegregation will have become a reality. When in restaurants and hospitals, in hotels and theatres, in public vehicles and in fraternal orders the color of a person's skin becomes as inconsequential as the color of his eyes, integration will have been achieved. When the federal government steps into states like Mississippi and maintains the Negro's right to vote, by protecting him from night-rider terror such as took the life of Emmett Till, democracy shall really have come into its own."

—Stephen Wise Free Synagogue
New York City

As almost kill a man—kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroyed a good book kills reason itself.

—John Milton

CLEMENT'S COMMENTS

I want to see what side
 My Savior's on,
 And then decide, with Him,—
 To carry on.
 I want to choose His way
 And make it mine,
 That I may know
 The work is all divine.

* * *

This reminds one of what William E. Gladstone said some years ago while Prime Minister of England. He, a statesman, wanted to see



T. J. Clement

which way God was leading for the next years. Some of our politicians who are working overtime to find some legal (?) way to get around complying with the decree of the United States Supreme Court would do well to take a leaf out of the Prime Minister's notebook. It would not be too amiss for them to take down the old family Bible and read it again with open minds.

* * *

This Bible Book is full of dynamite, and fissioned-atom power. In the end it will break down ancient strongholds, overthrow traditions and time-honored customs. If studied aright, the reader will become a new creature. Please recall what happened when the sable-hued Eunuch listened attentively to a man in a chariot read from the oracle,

and started explaining. "Don't read any more, I am *ready now* to be baptized into the Name of Jesus." Young theologs, get your church history straight. The Trinitarian Baptism rubric, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit" had not at that time come into vogue. You are welcome.

* * *

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Have you read Fosdick's most recent book of sermons? It may be his last. The historian of the future will chronicle him as one of the Lord's greatest representatives, who sought for a half century or more to interpret religion in modern terms. Do you remember how the Fundamentalists, and 'Bible Belt' Christians used to pillory him? No, you can't crush truth. Ask some well-read brother to tell you who said: "AN IDEA IS IRRESISTIBLE."

* * *

A BIG THING IS COMING OFF UP THE ROAD. The church is headed toward Miami. For some it may be Jerusalem. This is open season for the 'experts' to exploit, and fleece the CANDIDATES. Selah. I overheard an aspirant say the other day; when approached by a son of Belial: "I AM NOT FOR SALE." May his tribe increase, and may the would-be exploiters decrease. God in heaven, help us to elect a group of our best men upon a higher level than that practiced in the agora. That little original Greek word means, 'market-place.' Thanks.

Well, there seems to be as many brethren seeking to be Chief Pastors as the number that John saw one Sunday morning on the Isle of Patmos. Only four, five, or six will be elected. You have one consolation, as I heard someone say: "If you are not elected, you will be with the majority." A stronger word of truth never fell from mortal lips.

* * *

While some CHURCH MEMBERS, AND CHRISTIANS are organizing to stand as a unit against our highest tribunal, Paul, upon whose head was laid the black hands of Simon Niger says: "OUT OF ONE BLOOD GOD CREATED ALL PEOPLES TO DWELL TOGETHER UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH," "Tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Askelon." Let us pray that the anticipated atomic war may never come, for in the event of its devastation, DESEGREGATION will ensue with frightfulness. Have mercy! It may be somewhat embarrassing for Mr. James Crow.

* * *

There is much palaver about a Budget for the church. To be sure we need one, and need it badly. This blessed Brotherhood, once looked upon out of a wary eye, has become a powerful factor. It may be the Lord's doing. If so, there is no use to oppose it. They met a few weeks ago at Atlanta, and worked out a proposed Budget.

As I have sampled opinion, it or some sort of a financial system will be enacted at Miami. We'll be there to see what happens.

* * *

Wilberforce University is celebrating its Centennial this year. It is the

oldest institution of learning owned and operated by people of African descent in the world. Thanks to the eternal memory of the lamented Daniel Alexander Payne. As a matter of fact, the antecedent roots of Wilberforce go back to 1844, when Union Institute was founded a few miles west of Columbus, Ohio, with John M. Brown as President. The hundred odd acres were later sold and the proceeds turned over to Wilberforce. Know your church history. Have you read Singleton's ROMANCE OF AFRICAN METHODISM?

* * *

At this writing there is a bitter fight over in New York for the control of an Episcopal pulpit. The news appeared on the back page of a great daily. Where would it have been spreaded had it been one of your churches? The Lord's name be praised. We are thankful that our distinguished Senior Bishop, S. L. Greene has steadily recovered from his recent operation. He is truly one of God's great noblemen. A friend wrote me the other day and said that Bishop Greene is the 'keystone in the arch of our African Methodism.'

* * *

Dr. C. W. Abington, belovedly known as "Ab," well deserves the Testimonial which is to be given him at Miami, headed by our Bishop Joseph Gomez, Drs. S. S. Morris, Singleton, and the General Officers. One who has rendered honest, loyal and faithful service will be retired with honor.

* * *

Now get ready for THE BIG THING which IS COMING OFF UP

THE ROAD! T. J. Clement was not able to write his column for this issue, and one of his dear friends tried hard to substitute for him. We know that the thousands of his admirers will be disappointed, but pray for him that his facile pen may again soon be weilded to the glory of God, and the edification of the church.

—His devoted friend,
Jonathan,
San Angelo, Texas

PARAGRAPH SERMON

Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred—let me sow love.

Where there is injury—pardon.

Where there is doubt—faith.

Where there is despair—hope.

Where there is sadness—joy.

—St. Francis of Assisi

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AFRICA'S COPPER RUSH

By CECIL NORTHCOTT

It was only fifty years ago that the "green stones" of copper lying about the forest areas of Northern Rhodesia began to be kicked around by the white man. Twenty-four years ago the first company was formed to sink a shaft and begin crushing the rock and smelting out the copper. And then the rush was on! It still is, with copper soaring into fabulous prices at over \$900 a ton.

The rush came up from South Africa, with the tough miners who had seen millions made in the gold mines in the van. They were reinforced by the abounding resources of the Anglo-American Corporation. The bulldozers raked the forests and scoured out the roads. The electric drills battered their way into the bowels of African rock. And the early mining camps became townships. The townships became towns and embryo cities. Today the boosters claim that in less than fifty years magnificent cities, on the scale of Johannesburg and Pretoria, will rise here in the still virgin bush.

I

As I watched the molten copper pour out from the smelter into the molds for shipment overseas and saw the white hand of the European and the black hand of the African move forward to control the flow, I realized the violence of the revolution the copper rush has brought to Central Africa. For the revolution extends into the innermost recesses of Tanganyika and Nyassaland, a

thousand miles away. It comes south into Southern Rhodesia, and no part of Northern Rhodesia is free from the indelible marks of copper and the lure of high and quick money.

Every day two hundred would-be African miners line up outside the employment office at each of the six mines. In the pioneer days they had to be recruited and even persuaded to come to the white man's magic. Nowadays they just come in the hope of being taken on as members of the African labor force, which is now 37,300 in the area as compared with 7,000 Europeans. Primitive men, most of them; at least primitive to the white man as he makes his facile judgments looking at them *en masse* as so much labor fodder in the pipe line from the bush village to the mining locations.

I looked at the vast acres of these African locations where the little two-room African huts of concrete and asbestos stand in mute bleak ranks in the warm sunshine. The new African houses are a sharp improvement on the early ones of twenty-five years ago; they have water, electric light and a latrine. Little gardens are springing up. Welfare clinics, libraries, baby centers, feeding stations for children are in action with that official precision and organization which modern industry provides for its employees. There are churches of all descriptions, a continuation of the intensive proliferation of missions

over this territory in the last fifty years.

Copper is the gold of Central Africa. How long it will remain so is anybody's guess, but the geologists are confident that the supply of rock ore is endless. What the experts are *not* confident about is the docility and obedience of African labor, on which everything depends.

The African is no longer to be contemplated in the mass. He has become an individual. I have found it depressing to meet people whose business it is to manage "African labor" still viewing Africans with the easy, wide generalizations that the European is so good at. Some of this is due to the fact that half the bosses and managers in daily contact with Africans come from the Union of South Africa, and the price which the mines pay in African relationships is consequently a very heavy one.

Nothing—except perhaps the complete failure of the bowels of Africa to deliver copper ore—can put the industrial clock back in Central Africa. Nothing will stop the development of Africans into the areas of technicians and management which are now so carefully guarded as the preserves of Europeans. And nothing can stop the African from comparing himself with the European in standards of life, rates of payment and all the amenities of living which seem so easy to come by in the artificial industrialism in the African bush. At present the average income of the European white adult in the mining area is about \$7,200 a year, while the African knows that \$900 a year is the

limit for him. This is the soil in which envy, malice and greed flourish—and the exorcism of these sins is a Christian process which demands a change of heart as well as increased pay.

II

There are signs of this change of heart on the part of the mines management. A "new look" is said to be coming over African labor relations. I quote from an official document of one of the mining companies:

The traditional methods of handling labor affairs on the mines have not kept pace with the development of the African as an industrial worker.

This development has been stimulated by contact with European workmen, their standards of living and behavior, by the sympathetic interest of public opinion abroad and by the advent of trade unionism.

Today the African is very conscious of his rights as an individual and is resentful of discipline unfairly applied, and of the outlook of the European who regards the African as a unit of labor to be requisitioned like an item of stores and returned to the shelf if found to be unsatisfactory.

In short, the African can no longer be regarded as black labor, but must be looked upon as an individual and an industrial worker. He must be treated as such.

This is bold stuff. It provides fodder for the cynics among both Afri-

cans and Europeans. It will be tested not so much in the attitudes of the high command of the mine managements but in the attitudes of Europeans who work alongside Africans. It is when the white hand moves forward with the black one in the control of the molten flow of copper that the future of Central Africa is decided.

What of the church in the midst of this copper rush? Here it is in all its varieties from the "high church" doctrines of the Anglican Universities Mission to the Pentecostal groups. A union has taken place between the Presbyterians and the churches formed out of the London Missionary Society (Congregational), making the Church of Central Africa (Rhodesia) a beginning of union which ought eventually to bring in some of the other groups. Up to recently the United Missions to the Copper Belt operated as a missionary group, the most significant united mission in Africa; but it has now given way to the control of the church.

How far the church is a redemptive agent in this swirl of industrialism and racialism is hard to judge from a few days' observation. Africans and Europeans still worship apart except on a few organized occasions. They still think separately, and the clash of their customs insures that the barriers of thought are heightened by the even more formidable barriers of manners. "Europeanism" appears to be dominant even in church worship, although here and there in the rolling singing of an African congregation, in the dignified solemnity of a com-

munion service, with the strong African sun streaming through the doorways and unglazed windows and lighting the rows of intense black faces, one catches the glint of Christian Africa. Underneath that black surface no European I have met—even those who speak a native language in perfect idiom—professes to know what is happening.

One of the wisest of Europeans I met put it this way: Africans used to accept Europeans; now they criticize them. In the next stage they must learn to criticize themselves. How true and how civilized! That attainment is one of the goals of the intense drive which the United Society for Christian Literature is making in the provision and distribution of vernacular literature in conjunction with the government publications bureau. Reading makes the critical man, and in his mother tongue he must learn to laugh at and mock himself and set himself in the stream of other men's lives so that he is not always the center-piece of his own life.

I watched the groups of book-buyers coming to the book kiosks in the copper belt area. What were they buying? Bibles and New Testaments in their own tongues, little books on hygiene, simple instructions in how to write letters, and little manuals about health and good conduct. Here and there a buyer would pick up a book of stories built round the fables of his own people—the first time perhaps he had seen himself and his people in the cold analysis of print and paper. With books the African is always a man of two worlds, for many can read

simple English, and in the schools the standard of English is high. I watched over a hundred young African teachers swarm round a book table set up in their school hall. In an hour they had bought \$100 worth of books on teaching methods, education and English literature.

Africa is demanding books and more books, and that demand is throwing up a few African authors who can handle the techniques of novel and story writing. One day

an African writer may arise in this multiracial industrialism who will blister the hideous processes of greed, avarice and capitalism now at work in the African bush. There is no sign of him at the moment, but the present drive in literature as a vital contribution to the lifting and maintenance of African standards is the beginning of the discovery.

—Salisbury, Central African
Federation
(The CHRISTIAN CENTURY)



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Mr. Davis turned from the field of music to wood-carving. He will make up monograms in 24 hours. These as belt buckles or lapel pins make lovely personalized gifts, and are only \$1.40. Seahorse or angelic earrings beautifully carved are only \$1.06 a pair. He will also make up these carvings as buttons.

THE REVIEW PULPIT



Decisions That Matter

By GEORGE A. SINGLETON

"Once to every man and nation
comes the moment to decide
In the strife twixt truth and false-
hood for the good or evil side."

This is to say that the history of the race is written in terms of men who were fronted with choices and made decisions that mattered. The outcome of decisive battles hinged upon correct decisions. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, and the die was cast; Washington crossed the Delaware and turned defeat into victory, and Grant decided to "fight it out upon this line if it takes all the summer." American scientists decided to split the atom and a new age has been ushered in. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Supreme Court decided to find against segregation in public education, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has outlawed separate waiting rooms and facilities for passengers traveling from one state to another.

I

So it is true in religion. The Bible is the record of men and women who made decisions that mattered. A few cases in point may be cited. Dr. Frederick Kellar Stamm calls

them "Life's Broken Earthenware."

A man once lived in ancient Babylon among what Herodotus called "a black-headed people." He revolted against the idolatry of his environment, and heard the voice of the Eternal: "Get out, get out from among your people, and go unto a land which I will show thee." Abraham obeyed, and went out, not knowing where, but "looked for a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God." Had he not made such an important decision to turn his back upon the scenes of youth and all that was dear to him and go along with the Eternal the chances are, his name would not have come down to us in Biblical history. He became the father of a faithful multitude, like the shining stars in heaven, so numerous that they could not be counted. The Apostle James refers to him as a friend of God. But Abraham was not God's friend before he made the great decision. To go along with him requires walking with lengthened stride and quickened pace. To be God's friend involves and requires adjustment to His personality and cooperation with His program.

The same may be seen in the life of Moses. We read in the Torah: "I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of

Egypt, and out of the house of bondage; Thou shalt have no other gods before me." We fervently respond with the choirs: "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." But few are conscious of the fact that the Decalogue came from a man who was a murderer. He slew an Egyptian one day and to cover up his crime, hid the body in the sand. When once a man decides for God it does not matter what he may have done, God can use him. The song which was popular a few years ago has point: "It is no secret what God can do, What He's done for others, He'll do for you." He will!

The great decision was made by Moses when he was away from the throng a lonely, solitary soul tending the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, on the backside of a Midian desert.

Out of a burning bush the call came. The theophany and manifestation of divine power over-awed him. He drew near to examine, for the bush was not consumed. A voice said: "Take off your shoes, for the very ground upon which you stand is holy. Go down into Egypt-land, and tell Pharaoh to let my people go." "Who are you?" said Moses. "I am that I am." The greatest moment in his life came to him when he decided to go with God. Harry Emerson Fosdick says that one of Israel's greatest contributions to history and religion is the law. It came from one who made a great decision.

Once such a decision is made it does not follow that every day will be one of sunshine. Man does not make progress escalator fashion, but

inch by inch, foot by foot, mile by mile.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder on which
we rise.

From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to the summit round
by round."

There must be dark nights, high mountains, deep valleys, chilly streams; defeat, frustration, trials, tribulations and besetments. Moses experienced them all after forty years of preparation in the schools of Egypt studying law, medicine, mathematics, literature, for one purpose, — to lead his people out of slavery. Along the way they grumbled, they murmured, they rebelled, but the decision had been made when the flame of fire burned in Moses' heart and he would not, he could not, he did not let God down.

I am trying to say that Decisions which matter count for most in a person's life. A certain man went to church one Sabbath and was deeply impressed with the service. The priests in gorgeous apparel officiated at the altar which was overlaid with gold. Above the Ark were the outstretched wings of the cherubim. Above them the Shek'nah cloud manifesting the presence of the Eternal. Within the Ark the law engraved on tablets of stone, the holy manna, and Aaron's rod which budded. As he looked the temple was full of smoke. The columns,—Boaz, and Joachin, built and ornamented by Hiram of Tyre and Hiram

Abiff, moved. Winged creatures in antiphonal chorus cried, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts! !" The call came "whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" The worshipper replied: "Woe is me. I am undone. I am sinful and live in the midst of a sinful people." A messenger flew down and taking a live coal from the altar placed it upon his lips, and said: "See this has touched your lips, your sin is forgiven, your iniquity pardoned." Isaiah then said: "Here am I send me. I may have to bear heavy burdens, but I'll go. I may have to weep, but I'll go. I may be misunderstood, fatherless and motherless, but I'll go. If the Lord wants somebody, here am I, send me." And we have the prophecy of Isaiah because he made a great decision.

II

Again, a young farmer was pruning his sycamore trees, herding his sheep and following his plow in Tekoah. When his crops were harvested he took his produce to Bethel to sell. While there his inmost soul revolted over the way the rich were living in fine houses, eating fat beasts from their stalls, wearing costly apparel, buying the poor for silver and selling the needy for a pair of shoes; buying up all the land, joining lot to lot and freezing out the poor. Amos lifted up his voice against it. The sycophant toady priest Amaziah went to the king and told him: "A country clodhopper is in town criticizing you. He is a dangerous 'Red and a Fellow Traveler,' and if we let him be he will upset our stable status quo." The king ordered Amos brought to

court for examination. It is always dangerous to have a new idea, to exercise manhood, or freedom of speech. The king said to him: "What do you mean by your loose talk? Go back to your farm, prune your sycamore trees, herd your sheep, and till your land." The fool for God's sake replied: "O king, I know I am not a preacher, neither am I a preacher's son. I was following my plow, but one day the Eternal took me from between the plow handles, and said go preach. So I am here. The lion hath roared, who can but hear, the Lord God hath spoken, who can but preach!" And rising upon his tip-toes while looking the king straight in his face and pointing his finger toward him, thundered: "King, I hate, I despise your feasts, I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies, I will not hear the music of your viol but let *justice roll down as waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.*" For weal or for woe, here was a man who had made a decision. He stands eternally as an example to prophets in every age whose minds and souls are enslaved and are afraid to preach the truth.

It does not matter what sort of a life one may have lived, he can make a decision for God. Christians ought to be kind, sympathetic and tolerant toward people for no one knows what God and a person working together may do. After all, what are we but sinners saved by grace? God continues to save and redeem men. The work of divine grace is still operative in the lives of people. Speaking about miracles I have heard ministers preach about Jesus turning water into wine at Cana of

Galilee; of how he walked upon the sea, restored sight to blinded eyes, unstopped deaf ears, cut loose stammering tongues, brought back to life the Nain widow's son, raised Lazarus from the dead, but to me the greatest miracle of all is how when I made the Great Decision he stood me upon my feet, gave me a new song and established my going. Now "I am pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining every day; Still praying as I onward bound, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

It is the road every child of God must travel. Augustine made his decision after having read Hortensius by Cicero in the garden; Wesley one night in a prayer meeting. Richard Allen when he heard Freeborn Garretson preach in 1777 near Dover, Delaware; when he refused to be segregated in Old St. George Methodist Church, Philadelphia and walked out to found a new church for all people regardless of race, creed or color. Today if the United Nations and the meeting of the world powers is to lead toward peace in our world, they must accept the motto of the church of Allen: "God our father, Christ our redeemer, man our brother." For *there can be no peace without brotherhood*. The nations and people everywhere must decide that racial segregation and discrimination are not 'extraneous,' but sinful and divisive.

III

David had committed many sins. He was a profligate, a murderer, a schemer. He was so bad that God would not suffer him to build a church. He put a woman's husband

in the front of battle so he would be killed in order that he might take the widow. Yet one day, he introspectively saw himself a wretch undone. He reflected upon his way of life, his conduct and behavior patterns, and said: "As I mused the fire burned. I then turned my feet toward the testimonies of the Lord." The same then said: "In thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore . . . The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear, The Lord is the strength of my life of whom shall I be afraid . . . One thing have I desired of the Lord; and that will I seek after. That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, and to abide in his temple." New man continues to say: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the way of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, tho I walk down thru the valley and the shadow of death. It is all right. I'll fear no evil for thy rod and staff they comfort me. He spreads a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. He anoints my head with oil. My cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The witness of another who made a decision which mattered.

The New Testament record bears eloquent testimony to those who met the crucial moment of their lives and decided for Jesus. Memorable in the life of Matthew the Publican

was the day when he left his post of customs to cast his lot with the Master. And we have the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Happy was Zacchaeus when he came down from the tree-top to find that salvation had come to his house. Prodigal sons and daughters decide to return home from the far-country, and decrepit men at Bethesda pools are made well.

Once there was a woman so bad that the folks said she had seven devils. Now it is bad enough for a woman to have one devil but she had seven, a perfect number, but she decided to go to Jesus. She did and went away clothed in her right mind. He can straighten out schizophrenias and twisted personalities. The Syro-Phenician woman with the issue of blood was under conviction and went to Jesus who was performing all manner of cures. When she approached a large throng pressed about Him. She did not retreat but inched forward until she could touch his clothes. Immediately the Master ceased His holy work and looking around, exclaimed: "Somebody has touched me." The Disciples reminded Him of the crowd, that in such a press anyone was likely to brush against Him. He said: "Somebody has touched me, for power has gone out of me." When He saw the woman He said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace."

Only John tells us about the woman taken in the act of unfaithfulness to her husband. The self-righteous dragged her into the Temple and cast her at the feet of Jesus, and said: "We have caught her

in the very act of adultery. Moses says such should be killed by stoning, what do you say?" He said, "He that is without sin cast the first stone," and stooping down wrote in the dust upon the Temple floor. We do not know what He wrote. Perhaps the biography of each of the complainants. When He straightened up, the woman was alone. One by one her accusers had departed. The Pharisees, the Sadducees, Herodians, Zealots, liberals, conservatives, stand-patters,—all had gone. All of the Stewards, Trustees, Deaconesses, Ushers, Choir members, Sunday School Teachers, Local Preachers, Pastors, Presiding Elders, General Officers, had gone; the Cardinals, Bishops and Popes had slipped away. Jesus said: "Woman, where are the persons who brought these charges and specifications against you?" She replied: "No one is here, Lord." He said unto her: "Neither do I. Go in peace and sin no more." That was Mary of Magdala who was shunned and scorned by the elite in her home town. When she walked through the streets with her flaming red hair braided, they might have said: "That's Old Mary." No, she could not join our clubs, lodges or sororities, but when she decided to cast her lot with Jesus a marvelous change took place. Her decision mattered.

You know what happened on Friday. They killed a Man by crucifying Him between two thieves. Dark nimbus clouds hung thick and heavy over Calvary. Muttering thunders rumbled. The earth trembled. The veil of the temple on Mt. Moriah Hill was rent from top to bottom, but standing by the cross, when the

members of the church were in hiding, were Mary, the mother of Jesus, John, the beloved Disciple, and this same woman who made a Great Decision that mattered. It was she who went to town and bought spices to anoint His body for burial. It was she who received the first gospel message from the Risen Lord: "Go, and tell my disciples, and Peter to meet me in Galilee."

Through the centuries, heroic spirits always appeared when crises decisions were necessary. Luther his 96 Theses to the Wittenburg Church door; Payne left South Carolina; Fred Douglas ran away from the Eastern Shore in Maryland; William Quinn crossed the Alleghenies; John M. Brown decided to go to New Orleans, and Henry McNeil Turner to Africa, and Georgia. Ah, decisions that matter. Oh for a John's voice to cry aloud in the wilderness and call the church back to the paths of repentance and righteousness. The money-changers still infest the temple. In God's time He will come.

IV

The future of the early church depended largely upon decisions made by two men, Simon and Paul. It was a momentous hour when Peter left his boats and followed Jesus to become a fisher of men. Impressive is the story of Saul. He was born in Tarsus, at the foot of the Taurus mountains on the banks of the Cydnus river, a cosmopolitan city. Through it philosophers passed from Corinth, Ephesus, and Athens. Merchant princes traveled through it with precious cargoes of goods. Legions of helmeted soldiers

from Rome marched to the distant frontier posts. Statesmen came on their way to serve as petty rulers in scattered provinces. There young Saul, whose mother was a Jewess, and his father a Roman, was born, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, of the tribe of Benjamin and circumcised the eighth day. He was schooled in his native city and was graduated with honor. His parents sent him to Jerusalem to study at the feet of Gamaliel, a celebrated Rabbi. There he excelled in his studies.

His zeal was so great that he essayed to persecute the people of the way. He stood by and held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen. Flushed with victory, he obtained letters of authority from the priests and journeyed 150 miles northeast of Jerusalem to Damascus. He neared the city with its towers glistening in a bright noon-day sun. There it lay like an oasis in a desert. The clock of high destiny struck the hour. God moved in glory, and Saul fell from his beast like a dead man. He heard a voice speaking in Hebrew: "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" "Who are you?" "I am Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the rod out of the stem of Jesse, the righteous branch of Jeremiah, I am Ezekiel's wheel in the middle of a wheel; Daniel's unhewn stone, Isaiah's Prince of peace, coming up from Eden with dyed garments from Bozrah, I am King of kings and Lord of lords." "What do you want me to do?" "Get up and go unto Damascus. On the street called Straight you will find the house of Ananias. He will tell you what to do." It was the moment of great decision. When he knocked

at the door, Ananias said. "Come in, Brother Paul." How did he know his name? "Let us pray." I wish I knew what he said. Neither Paul nor Luke has given it to us. "O Thou by whom we come to God, the life, the truth, the way. The path of prayer Thyself hath trod, Lord, teach us how to pray." When the "Amen" was said, Paul with a new light in his eyes walked out from the presence of Ananias without looking back and went into Arabia. Perhaps to the mountain where Moses received the law, or where Elijah called down fire from heaven. Suffice it to say, when he returned his 'heart was fixed, his mind made up.' He said: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is God's power unto salvation."

What is the test of conversion? Not what one says in the Class, testimonial or Prayer Meeting, but the life lived in one's home, church, day by day in the community. How does he get along with his neighbor? What is his attitude toward others? Scientists call that the test of performance and outcomes.

Then what about Paul? Thirty odd years a preacher, evangelist and campaigner for Jesus Christ. One night let down over a wall in a basket. He suffered hardships many. He was hungry, cold, in rain and heat, stoned at Derbe and left outside the city for dead. Two years in jail at Caesarea Philippi, a day and a night in the raging deep just holding on to a piece of timber. One day a small group assembles and says: "Look, Sister Phoebe has a letter. Read it." "I have longed to see you and plan a visit on my way to Spain,

Paul." But when the opportunity comes, he is a prisoner aboard a grain laden ship from Alexandria in North Africa. Finally the ship docks at Puteoli. The gang plank is let down and the passengers disembark. The last to leave are the soldiers with Paul. He is chained between two of them. At every step his chains rattle. He holds up his manacled arms and says: "I am ashamed of nothing except these bonds."

On by Three Taverns, and down the Appian Way to Rome and Nero's dungeon. Languishing two years he awaits his doom. His form is stooped, hair white with the frosts of many winters, eyesight dim, but strong in the Lord. Large gray rats crawl over his body. In one corner is a crust of bread and a cruse of water. On the outside the soldiers walk their beat. Evening comes on apace. The sun sinks behind the Platine hills casting slanting rays of gold across the western skies. The guard is changed and Christian soldiers come on. A stylus and parchment is passed to the prisoner who writes:

"Timothy, make haste and come to me, only Luke is with me. Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world. Cresceus has gone back to Dal-matia, bring Mark with you.

Do not forget my parchments, and my cloak which I left at Troas, for it is cold down here. But Timothy, if you don't get here, it is all right. Remember me in love to my friends in Galatia, Syrian, and Psidian Antioch, Cyprus, Crete, Ephesus, Corinth,

Phillipi, and Jerusalem. Give my love and tender affection to Rufus, Linus, Euodia, Stephanos Syteche Epiphra, and Epaphroditus. The Lord bless Eunice, Lois, Titus, Philemon, Onesimus, Barnabas, all my friends and them who sought to do me harm. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, and I am ready to be offered. I see a crown awaiting me and for all them who make the Great Decision. For that is all which matters. Amen.

—Philadelphia, Penna.

The Building of Two Cities Contrasted

By J. A. ROBERTS

And they said one to another, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name. And the name of it was called Babel.— Genesis 11:4-9.

Context: And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Revelation 21:10.

Here are two passages of scripture, whose very positions in the Bible are highly significant. The first is in Genesis and refers to Babel, the second is in Revelation, and refers to Jerusalem. The references are in the first, and the last Books in the Bible. In contrasting these two passages one gets the impression

that the Bible has done its work. In the first instance man glorifies himself. In the second, there is a completely different attitude. The impression is gained of what God does. Let us emphasize briefly the first,—these words: “Let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name.” In the second passage there is no such egotistic emphasis. Listen! “He carried me away in the spirit, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.” Now we see the difference between man’s planning, and God’s dream; the difference between an attitude which says: I see the vision of thy will, and I will endeavor to make it come true. The first attitude is that of humanism, and the second is revelation. In Genesis the city rises from the earth, and has its origin in man’s mind; in Revelation the city comes down from heaven. It has its origin in the mind of God.

One gets a strange experience when standing on Broadway in New York City at mid-night. It is quite impossible to describe adequately the blazing lights, the flashing neon signs, the roar of unceasing traffic in its rapid movements, and the crowds of people milling to and fro on the sidewalks. In New York City there are 21,000 people to the square mile. The skyscrapers that tower above you make you feel like pigmies in some fantastic, unreal nightmare city of dreadful light. It is not easy for me to forget the first impression that Broadway made upon me. I am of the opinion that New York City made the same impres-

sion upon my mind that Babylon must have made upon the minds of men years ago. New York City impressed me as being a monument to man's pride in his own self-sufficiency. Looking up at the towering skyscrapers, the highest one rising 102 stories of over 1,200 feet, and able to house 30,000 people, I could not help remembering the story in Genesis of the men who said: "LET US BUILD US A CITY, AND A TOWER WHOSE TOP MAY REACH UNTO HEAVEN, AND LET US MAKE US A NAME."

Two thousand five hundred years ago Babylon was the center of a famous civilization. Two thousand five hundred years ago crowds in Babylon jostled one another in the streets as people jostle one another on Broadway today, but now in ancient Babylon there are only a few illiterate Arabs who know nothing of the glories that have gone. For the most part Babylon is covered with the desert dust, and sealed within the iron hills. A noted New York preacher told the forty-fifth Annual Convocation of the Yale Divinity School a few months ago that "Religion is the last hope of the West. The most serious question of the time is whether it can halt the crumbling of Western civilization and save the West." He further stated that the greatest menace to the West is not Communism, but the West itself, deluded by false pretense. "The forces within can be far more destructive than the forces without." I heartily agree with the statement.

I

Imagine that in the days of Babylon's glory you could have spoken

to a statesman, and have asked him what he thought of a handful of Jews made captive and carried from their own country to the heart of this flourishing empire. Perhaps he would have told you at once that they would be speedily absorbed by the immense population around them, and that their religion would remain that of servile slaves. But history has judged differently. That 'cranky creed' as they called it contained the Hebrew monotheistic ideal, and proved to be the preparation for the gospel which has spread around the world, meaning more to Gentile peoples than it does to the Jews. However nothing can take from the Jews the merit of having held on to spiritual values in the midst of alien faiths, and providing the mental soil in which the Christian religion could take root.

Another illustration. Imagine Athens on the day when Paul was speaking on Mars Hill. Here is proud Athens, the center of Greek culture, as Babylon was the symbol of material grandeur and prosperity. The very word, "Greece" was indicative of the highest, and best on intellectual achievement. Yes, Athens, the city of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; Athens the home of the world's greatest literature and sculpture. On the other hand, there stands Paul, a man small in stature, and of mean appearance, no commanding presence, who stumbled in his speech, talking about a Crucified Carpenter who was reported to have started a new reaching in a despised province called Palestine. Suppose one of those Greek philosophers had been asked what did he think of it all. You can almost see the sneer on his

face, and the curl of his lips as he makes the contrast. But history has judged between them. Grant that the teaching of Plato, and the art of ancient Greece of potent asthetic influences even in the world to-day, the good these have done are inconsiderable besides the good that has been done by the message which that day was burning in the heart of Paul. On all shores, under all skies, in all languages, among all peoples and through all ages, the messages of One who was not only a Crucified Carpenter, but the Son of God risen from the dead, has changed lives, strengthened the significance of the eternal values, and given to mankind its richest blessings in life on earth and its sanest hopes for a life to come. May God be praised!

And what about Rome? If in imagination we can see Jesus before Pilate, and remember that the Governor represented the undisputed power of the Roman Empire, and that Jesus seemed a lonely, forsaken person whose cause had failed, and about to die the death of a criminal, and we should question a Roman Senator of that day,—perhaps we should hear him say: "Well, this man Jesus is the leader of a small band of fanatics of no consequence, and the movement will end with his death." In all probability he would further say that mighty Rome reigns supremely in undisputed might throughout the world, and nothing can possibly withstand her power." *But history has judged between them!* No one would have heard of Pilate if he had not happened to have been in power when Jesus was condemned to death.

Today people travel from afar to visit the ruins of impregnable Rome, the 'Eternal City,' and gaze thoughtfully upon the remains of a civilization which is now dead. They ponder upon its ancient glory, and matchless splendor now gone with the wind of the centuries, while the followers of Jesus are to be found in every land under heaven. More people call themselves by His name to-day than ever before in the history of mankind. Yes, *At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that He is King of kings, and Lord of lords.*"

I cannot help but think very seriously whenever I visit one of our schools, and listen to the children lustily singing: "God bless America." I have wondered if the word, 'bless' ought not to be changed to 'save,' and have song instead: "GOD SAVE AMERICA!" It should not only be the song on our lips, but the prayer in our hearts. Why? He has already blessed America, and that abundantly. But listen. God did not save Babylon and God did not save Rome, and what assurance have we that HE WILL SAVE AMERICA? Let us pray, and sing: "O GOD, SAVE WICKED AMERICA!"

Is there any real reason why the splendors of New York City, London, or some of the other large, wicked cities should survive? Who knows that within the next two thousand years, explorers will wander among the debris of the New York skyscrapers, or plan expeditions to visit interesting ruins on the clay slopes that rise from the banks of the River Thames? I know it is almost impossible to imagine such a situation today, yet out of twenty-

one civilizations which this earth has known, the great historian Toynbee tells us that fourteen have already disappeared. Is it mere pulpit rhetoric or is it a stern, historical fact that the fourteen civilizations which disappeared became instruments which God could no longer use? Yes, it is painfully true that they passed away simply because they were monuments of man's self-sufficiency. They were Babels built to make known the power of men who imagined that their cities were symbols of power. Try as we may, we can never safely forget that man exists for God, and not for himself. We can never safely forget that man's only purpose in living is for the glory of God. All is vain unless his achievements are used for God's purposes. We can never safely forget that when man takes the powers which God has given him, and spends them all in self-glorying, and attempts to build a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and whose highest ambition is to make a name for himself, it is then that his achievements fall in ruin. History makes a bitter comment upon our pride, and we find that the only enduring things are those things which are translated into words and deeds of God which come from Him out of heaven.

II

Jerusalem alone is real and lasting. Jerusalem today is as substantial as a vision and as fragile as a dream. But dreams will outlast marble, steel and stone. They persist through war and ruin. No material power can harm a dream or drive it from the hearts of men. Je-

rusalem is not a city that goes up from the earth as the product of man's efficiency but something that comes down out of heaven, born of a vision which God shows to those who look upward, and in lowly dedication offer themselves to Him.

When the people were on their way to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover, they looked up to the hills on which the Holy City was situated. Jerusalem is UP! There they recognized the presence and blessings of Jehovah. Being conscious of their utter helplessness without God, they cried out in unison: "We will lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help. Our help cometh from the Lord." A glance at the map of Palestine in the time of Jesus you will see that east of Samaria, beyond Jacob's Well, the road forks. One branch of it leads off to the Northeast, and eventually circles back toward Galilee. The other branch descends down to the South along the Jordan, leading to Jericho, and Jerusalem. At the fork of these roads one of the great events of world history took place. This fork should be marked as a shrine, of greater significance perhaps than either Bethlehem or Calvary. It was at this point that Jesus chose to follow the road which led to Jerusalem. What happened at Bethlehem, and all the other events of His life merely indicate the result of this decision. The Crucifixion and even the Resurrection were the consequences of His choice,—once He had set His feet upon the south-bound fork of the road.

Up to that point Jesus could have detoured and gone back to the safe-

ty of the Galilean hillsides. But it was at this fork of the road that He carried His purpose and will into effect. The whole outcome and effect of our lives depends upon the way we turn at the fork of the road. The turn that we choose at the fork of the road will determine whether or not we are to go by the way of Calvary, or to follow the life of ease, and pleasure.

One fork of the road leads to Babel, and the other to Jerusalem. One fork leads to ease, and pleasure; the other fork leads to a life of sacrifice. One fork leads to death, hell, and destruction, the other to Eternal Life. Be reminded that some of the greatest souls who ever lived, found fellowship with God, not on the easy detours, but in the day by day sharing of God's love for the whole world, through suffering and joy. I declare unto you this day that there is no easy, short-cut route to victory. If you are going along with Jesus, there is one hill around which there is no detour. And that hill is the blood-stained path across the top of Calvary. Which road are you traveling? Are you helping to build Babel, or are you helping to build a new Jerusalem? Are you content to let your life contribute to man's selfish aggrandizement, his achievements, and the use of his own powers or are you willing to look up and ask what are the plans of God for His people? Will you look upon the high vision and ask Him what is His plan for you? I declare unto you that there is all the difference in the world between the man who builds his own private Babel, saying: "This is what I am going to do," and the man who says unto

God: "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

Once more, are you courageous enough to make a new resolution, and conclude that from henceforth I will have no more bricks for Babel, but on the contrary, I will, with God's help give whatever talents, time, and strength I have for the city of man's age—long dreaming, whose builder and maker is God. Will you resolve with all your heart that from this day forward I will help to build a New Jerusalem? God grant to each of us the strength necessary to make this important decision.

Who will build the world anew?
Who will break the tradition's
chains?
Who will smite the power of gold?
Who will chant the spirit's gains?

Who will preach that might is weak?
Who will teach that love is power?
Who will hail the reign of right?
This His day, and this His hour.

Who will live to slay the false?
Who will die to prove the true?
Who will claim this earth for God?
Who will build the world anew?

This is not time for fear, for doubts
of good,
For broodings on the tragedies of
fate;
It is a time for songs of brotherhood,
For hymns of joy, of man's divine
estate.

Though echoes of old wars depress
the heart,
Though greed and hate curse men's
nobler ways;

Though foul suspicion blasts our
life apart,
It is time for confidence and praise.

Let prophets prophesy, let poets
sing,
Our dreams are not in vain, the
night is past;
And together, as new hopes are
awakening,
Let us proclaim: God's kingdom
comes at last.

Come, let us build a new world:
"I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher
ground.

Lord, lift me up, and let me stand,
By faith on heaven's table land;
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher

ground."

"And He carried me away in the
spirit to a great and high mountain,
and shewed me that great city, the
holy Jerusalem, descending out of
heaven from God."

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an ear of corn as in the analysis of
a complex sentence; ability to an-
alyze clover and alfalfa roots savors
of quite as much culture as does
the study of the Latin and Greek
roots.

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Sincerely yours,

Pauline I. Andrews

Dr. George A. Singleton
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

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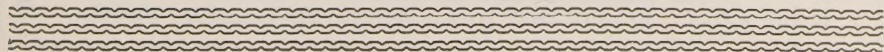
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Daniel Coker

The real name of Daniel Coker was Isaac Wright. He was the son of a white Englishwoman, and a slave whose name was Coker. He was born on Eastern Shore, Maryland, a region which through the years has given to the Church many outstanding leaders. Coker assumed his name to hide his identity when he ran off from slavery to the state of New York. He was ordained by Francis Asbury, and when he returned to Baltimore, remained in seclusion until his friends had purchased his freedom. Coker was a man of uncommon talents and ability; a powerful and eloquent preacher. He was fair of complexion, and quite handsome, with well-formed features, full eyebrows, and lashes that protected eyes which bespoke a deep sincerity. His nose was prominent and sharp; mouth beautifully shaped which gave evidence of persuasive speech. His chin was that of a man born to command. Coker stood erect, a perfect picture of gentility and manhood. He was one of the first authors of the race in America, and wrote A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A VIRGINIAN AND AN AFRICAN MINISTER. He also wrote a little work on Liberia, called THE NEW REPUBLIC. In 1820 Coker left this country among the first emigrants, to find a home in the freedom of Africa.

While Richard Allen was laboring in Philadelphia, and in the country round-about, Coker was inspiring the people in Baltimore and Maryland. To his genius and ability very largely we are indebted for the organization of the Church. The high esteem in which he was held by his brethren was expressed in his having been their first choice for Bishop when the Church was organized. The following day he got out of the picture, and Richard Allen was settled upon as the first Bishop in the African M. E. Church. What marks Coker as a man of rare spirit is his co-operation. He brought Maryland into the fold of the infant Church, and when he was not set apart for the Episcopacy, lent his all to the good of the cause. His having gone to Liberia, and Sierra Leone, West Africa, constitutes him the first missionary, even though he was not traveling in that role. He organized a church upon high seas.

—THE ROMANCE OF AFRICAN METHODISM, p. 114 f.